

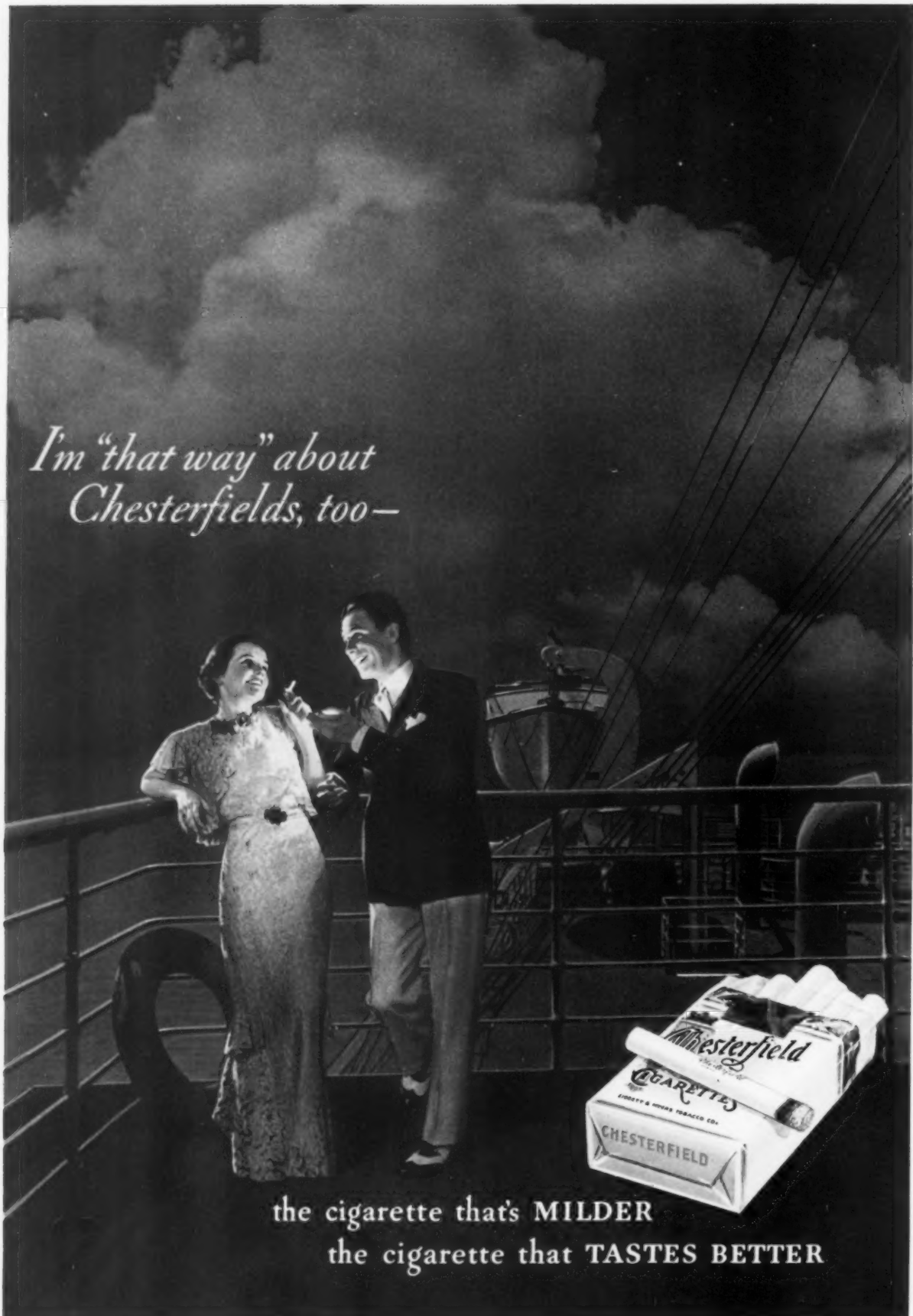
THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1934

Single Copy, 25c



AND IN SUNNY TROPIC SCENES
Operations Against Nicaraguan Bandits, 1927.



*I'm "that way" about
Chesterfields, too—*

the cigarette that's **MILDER**
the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**



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Sketched by D. L. Dickson

Cover Designed by D. L. Dickson

No Fight

A RECENT writer has remarked that the differences of opinion and interest which now exist between the different parts of the United States are of sufficient intensity and importance to lead to war, were these parts of our country under separate governments. That is, the difficulties existing between European nations, that have frequently led to war, were not different in kind or degree from those which exist today between, say, the West and the East, the western coast and the rest of the country, the southern states and the mercantile power. But we live together in peace through it all and we strive for methods of accommodation because we are bound in a higher unity, the unity of the American ideal. Instead of mobilizing armies, we mobilize parties. Instead of embarking on war, we embark on campaigns of education and persuasion. Our threshing-force is the forum, not the field. Our unity is worth more to us than all our differences can cancel. We are compelled to think of every question in its national aspects, and its national aspects are sufficiently important to create peace over a large part of the earth. The United States is the projection in miniature of what is universally possible, once the formula is found.

—*Dearborn Independent.*

Promotion Developments

MARINE CORPS selection boards, authorized under the new law to recommend officers for promotion to all ranks from captain to brigadier generals, will be convened at the Navy Department June 25, it was stated at Headquarters.

Delays in compiling the records of approximately 600 officers whose names will be submitted to the two boards, make it impossible for the work to start as was at first planned. The date—June 25—was set and it is expected that the make-up of the boards will be announced within the next few days.

The names of officers in the upper four-sevenths of the grades subject to selection will be submitted to the boards. In addition all officers in the grade of captain and above who will have completed four years' service in grade on June 30, 1934, and all first lieutenants who will have completed three years in grade to that date will be submitted for consideration. The senior board will consider the names of the senior 15 colonels for selection to brigadier general, all the lieutenant colonels (44) for selection to colonel and the senior majors for selection to lieutenant colonel. They will select two colonels, ten lieutenant colonels and 52 majors. Also they will consider all colonels for the eligible lists for heads of the staff departments.

While the law permits the number of selections to captain and major to be any number fixed by the Secretary of the Navy, it is planned to make the same percentage of selections this first time as are to be made in the upper ranks, i. e., 10 per cent of the higher grade plus the number of expected vacancies. Thus the junior board will select 92 captains to go on the promotion list for major and 89 first lieutenants to go on that promotion list for captain. The names of the 246 senior captains and the 198 senior first lieutenants will be submitted to the board.

Editor's Farewell

THIS issue of THE LEATHERNECK marks the retirement from the editorial desk in favor of the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, of our editor, First Lieutenant W. W. Paca. Since February, 1932, Lieutenant Paca has controlled the destiny of your magazine. We of the staff know the Lieutenant would rather slide quietly out of office, without the slightest reference to his achievements. Although we know his excessive modesty would never permit public commendation, we feel that some measure of justice should be done. But to spare the Lieutenant embarrassment we shall circumscribe our eulogy within the limits of brevity.

In the Lieutenant's tenure of office he was not only instrumental in the financial rehabilitation of THE LEATHERNECK, but he improved its general appearance. By judicious administration he strengthened the tottering legs and made the magazine solvent once more. With courteous understanding he created a foundation of new good will among our subscribers and contributors. We of the staff take this opportunity to thank him for the pleasant relationship he has always maintained and to wish him all the good things for the future.

Captain John Halla is now editor of THE LEATHERNECK. He has decided to make no change in our present policy, and we know our contributors and agents will find in him the same willingness to cooperate as was demonstrated by Lieutenant Paca.

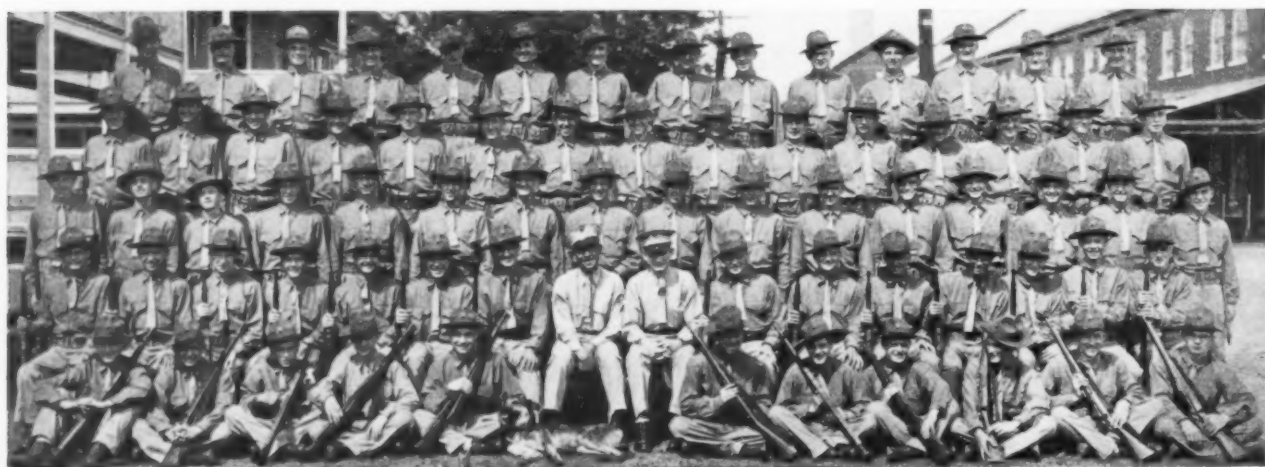
WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Company 12, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Walker and Corporal Webb



Company 14, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant McClaren and Corporal Short



Company 15, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Tarr, Corporal Harrison, and Corporal Fincke

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THE LEATHERNECK

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The Major General
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief
The Director,
The Marine Corps
Institute

Editor and Publisher
Capt. John Halla
U. S. M. C.

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NUMBER 7

FLEET MARINES RETURN TO QUANTICO



THE Conquering Heroes are back again in their native haunts. The Rifle Company to maintain the most coveted record in discipline and attain the highest record in athletics, the latter telling the story of the excellent morale maintained during the lengthy stay of the organization in Cuban waters, under the command of First Lieutenant Morris L. Shively, who took over the command of "C" when Captain John Kaluf was forced to relinquish the reins owing to physical disability, has returned to the scene of their early training. Little did the members of the company dream when they left the dock at Quantico on the evening of October third, to the inspiring serenade of the Post Band and the enlightening address of Brigadier General Harry Lee, that they would spend eight months of strenuous duty in Cuban waters.

There was a feeling of general apprehension in the air and a bit of tension when, upon arrival at Hampton Roads and upon boarding the U.S.S. *Wyoming*, the sailing orders were veiled with a certain amount of alleged secrecy, and the startling information "Destination Unknown" was posted on the ship's bulletin board. The older heads of the company wisely declined to comment, but the more garrulous members of the personnel lost little time in informing the "troops" that good old Guantanamo Bay, the bay dubbed so often the "Navy's Southern Playground," was the official destination. Truer words were never uttered, for the good old ship *Wyoming*, groaning and straining at every rivet (at least, so it seemed), finally hove into sight of McCalla Hill and the "old hands" knew that the familiar sights of Hicacal Beach and Recreation Landing would soon mount above the horizon. And those hectic afternoons spent at Fisherman's Point, in the seclusion of the Chinese Restaurant, a permanent fixture at the base

By Phil Haensler



Lt. Col. John H. Potts

for the past dozen years, are fond memories of the many days that the Battalion spent at Guantanamo. As a matter of fact, the one outstanding feature of the Guantanamo phase of the trip lay in the fact that sunrises at the Bay remain one of the most picturesque sights that the modern Marine has to exhibit in his repertoire. They don't advertise them on Recruiting Posters, or accord them widespread publicity, but a Marine or Sailor spinning yarns on Guantanamo Bay seldom fails to mention the sun-tinted hills and the blue haze of the distant mountains.

Shelving the scenic beauty of Guantanamo Bay, and getting down to hard-boiled facts, "C" Company, as an individual unit, attached to Lieutenant Colonel John Potts' Second Battalion, of the Fleet Marine Force, compiled a record for efficiency and morale that was the talk of the Battalion from the time the Company left Quantico until the present, at which time the U. S. S. *Henderson*, the waterloo of many an old-timer, is churning the mad waters off the Florida keys, heading up the coastline towards Quantico. The U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* transported the company from Culebra, the little island in the Puerto Rican group that was the scene for a mass attack, the concluding feature of the Fleet Maneuvers, or the famous sham battle that yearly gives newspapermen in hunt for front page headlines an opportunity to deviate their columns and turn to something other than the funeral of a well-known taxi driver, or the kidnapping of some aged magnate and refresh the minds of the indignant taxpayers to the fact that they actually are aiding in the support of a Government unit that is constructively engaged in the active coordination of the defensive of the United States of America, and actually staging a beneficial program.

Were it not for the yearly fleet maneuvers, the sleepy-

eyed ebony subjects of the small chain of islands that the Government maintains an active interest in would hardly be cognizant of the fact that they were really a possession of ours and owed allegiance to the flag.

Passing over the several months that the Company spent on the U. S. S. *Wyoming*, including the nerve-racking forty some odd days spent in Havana Harbor, at which time, the Marines of the Battalion, including your correspondent, watched gay American tourist parties come along side of wharves in floating palaces, or so they are proclaimed by energetic press agents, go ashore in Havana, while they, in turn, were forced to confine their activities to the limited deck space of the *Wyoming*. Of course, the military authorities cooperated to the fullest extent, and even went to the extremities when they secured the services of native night-club entertainers from Havana to come aboard the ship and hold a gala festival for the entertainment of the "boys." The ever present tension in the air, however, was

not actually relieved until the *Wyoming* headed for Galveston, Texas, for the purpose of aiding the Civic Committee at that up-and-coming seaport of the Lone Star State in its celebration of the "Mardi Gras," a sort of vest-pocket version of the big New Orleans event of the same name. As a matter of fact, as later events proved, without the aid of the Marines and Sailors of the *Wyoming*, the "Mardi Gras" would have been a very hollow event indeed for the Long Horns who stormed the City to aid in the festivities. Ten full days were spent in the Texas

seaport, and when the *Wyoming* finally steamed out of Galveston Spit to the accompanying din of the sirens and other noise-making devices, equally annoying, there was many a heart-rending scene on the dock, as many a fair maiden of the town was detected yanking a handkerchief in the approved Greta Garbo style and injecting a little heart-throb into the program. It all seemed to be in the spirit of the occasion, as it were, and the *Wyoming* arrived in Key West, Florida, that famous "dot" on the map that has caused much speculation from time to time. Key West, incidentally, is most adequately described by that veteran comber of the *Floridian* Keys (we don't exactly recall the name) who deftly and glibly announced "it's the only town in the United States that boasts of an American Counsel." And that about covers Key West. The Marines of the Battalion were given ample introduction to the thoroughly populated lanes of Key West, considerably termed "avenues" by the local Chamber of Commerce, when Colonel Potts included a "hike" into the program to enliven affairs. After hiking half way out to that spot on the globe known as "Long Key, Florida,"

as it is called on Florida East Coast Railway time-tables, during which time the boys would hike along at fixed bayonets for a hundred yards and then introduce a little come into the fray by unfixing at the same time maintaining their cadence. The boys found their enthusiasm for the fishing town just a trifle dimmed and few availed themselves of the generous liberty program mapped out for them by the leading citizens of Key West.

Lest we fail to mention it, one of the most agreeable phases of the entire trip came when the *Wyoming* anchored thirty-seven miles out of Tampa Bay, off Edgmont Key for "liberty" purposes. This, of course, necessitated a nine-hour trip into Tampa, but it initiated the Marines and Sailors of the *Wyoming* to this Southern Hospitality that the boys write about now and then.

Oddly enough, however, just as though fate had to intervene, the nonchalant popping of a fire-cracker along Havana's Prado, or some other justifiable cause, created

general havoc, and amid much shouting and hullabaloo, the *Wyoming* was forced to steam full speed ahead into Havana Harbor and the Armistice Day Parade scheduled for Tampa was postponed indefinitely.

And now a little introduction to the personnel of "C" Company. First Lieutenant Shively, after relieving Captain Kaluf on November 22nd, made an instant hit with the boys. His fatherly manner of buttonholing a man and giving him a heart-to-heart talk was something entirely removed from the average attitude of a Commanding Of-

ficer, and did much to maintain the unusually splendid morale of the Company.

The one regrettable incident that marred the return of "C" to Quantico was the sudden death of Second Lieutenant William F. Bryson, one of the Company Officers. Lieutenant Bryson had the unusual faculty of being a conscientious officer, fully cognizant of his military obligations and at the same time a "good fellow." As a final tribute to this splendid officer, when the *Floridian*, carrying his body, passed through Fort Lauderdale, the entire Company, almost to a man, went the three miles from Port Everglade, the base of the Battalion in Florida, to the Fort Lauderdale Station, to render their respects.

After boarding the U.S.S. *Antares*, and finally leaving the familiar scenes of Havana Harbor, including the Malecon and Morro Castle, the Battalion sailed to Port Everglades, Florida, which was selected because of its proximity to Havana should further emergency require the presence of the Marines in Cuban waters. This, quite naturally, was greeted with immense enthusiasm by all concerned, and afforded the baseball fans of the Battalion an opportunity



Bayonet Drill Aboard the *Wyoming*

to watch the New York Giants in action at their beautiful Flamingo Park Training Grounds out at Miami Beach.

At Port Everglades, owing to the fact that Diamond Ball was almost a National pastime in the "Empire of the Sun," the idea was forwarded that a service league between the individual companies of the Battalion would do much to increase the morale of the Marines at Port Everglades. This was done under the direction of Major C. B. Cates, Executive Officer of the Battalion and an enthusiastic exponent of the game, and an official schedule was mapped out. The race was a red-hot one and was undecided until the last day. At the very start, it was believed that the Rifle Companies, "C" and "B," the latter commanded by Captain Don Kendall, had the class of the league. But later events proved otherwise.

Under the management of 1st Sgt. Nick Reitmeyer, against such statisticians as 1st Sgt. John White and Mickey Finn of "B;" Hans Rasmussen, the close-lipped but capable pilot of "A;" and Benny Klein, sponsor of the Machine Gun team, not to fail to mention Gunnery Sergeant "Bull Dog" Drummond, leading the colors of the Headquarters outfit in the race, "C" attained an enviable record. They went through the limited league season with the loss of one game, and that the Machine Gunners of Captain Mixson grabbed entirely unexpectedly. The defeat can be directly traced to that fatal disease that is so prevalent among first class athletic combinations: "over-confidence." However, after being humiliated to a fare-thee-well by Company "D," "C" came back fighting for the crucial game of the league season, the clash with "B" Company. This game was the classic of the card, the Yale-Harvard game of the Diamond Ball season, and hours before game time the Marines were flocking to the field anxious to see the two goliaths clash for supremacy. "Bullet Al" Brooks, the underhand hurler of "C," and considered the Carl Hubbell of the Diamond Ball season at the Port, was in rare form and quickly proved to the "B" sluggers that their efforts would be rather puny, indeed, and consequently the opponents folded up like a collapsible bed, and were trounced and effectively subdued to the tune of 9 to 2. A good, old-fashioned pasting in any man's country.

As a climax to the league season, the final game of the schedule called for a game with "A" Company, the dark-horses of the league.

This outfit had previously silenced the guns of the Machine Gunners, making the howitzer boys sound like pea-shooters, to the tune of 21 to 6. This made them even bets against "C," but again Brooks, the master craftsman,

was in superb form, and he pitched the only shutout of the league season, winning 5 to 0. In this game, the "C" infield, comprised of John "Red" O'Neil, at first (the home runless Jimmy Foxx of the League); Johnny Maize at the keystone sack; and the old Maestro, Phil Haensler, at short; with "Blondy" Frederick at the dizzy corner, turned in plays that made the inner machinations of the Giants look feeble in comparison. Even that ancient Roman gladiator, John Adelman, the Baron Munchausen of the Marine Corps, and, of course, in the "C" Board of Strategy, was feverishly tugging at the leash, anxious to get into battle. That was the sort of spirit that enabled "C" to come through with flying pennants and win the undisputed championship of the Second Battalion.

As an interesting sidelight, with its lineup intact almost to a man, this "C" Company team is at the present time formulating plans for an invasion of the sedate hills of Virginia to find sterner opposition, and perhaps back their ability with filthy lucre . . . greenbacks to you!

The final Fleet Marine Corps Gesture (at least, for the time being, we hope) came when, aboard the U.S.S. *Antares*, "C" Company sailed to join the hopefuls of the Blue Fleet, leaving Guantanamo Bay the night of May 5th. After spending the entire afternoon of Sunday the 6th, circling the Magic Isle of Jamaica, with its exquisite blue-domed hills, the *Antares* finally ran smack on the Blue Fleet in mid-sea the morning of the 8th, and from that point proceeded to the Island of Culebra. The Blue

Fleet Marines, the Second Battalion on the *Antares* and the First Battalion on the *Medusa*, with the Third Battalion, or West Coast Marines, on a Supply Ship nearby, combined to leave in motor sailers at daybreak, scattering the shores of this arid island with their efficient landing forces.

As luck would have it, "C" landing in motor sailers from the Hospital Ship, *Relief*, assigned to the Blue Fleet, landed directly in the village of Culebra, the Capital of the Island of Culebra. They instantly worked into skirmish groups and assumed control of the situation although the efficiency of the attack for the time was threatened when the Gray Fleet Planes, from the U.S.S. *Lexington*, descended like hawks on the motor sailers, but the attack was averted and the Marines successfully landed.

After the spectacular "capture" of the island, including swarming on the sun-baked mountains, and passing through endless chains of barbed wire, placed in vantage positions by the enemy, who in this case happened to be the owner of the cattle ranch, who must have suspected this warfare in the first place, and (Continued on page 41)



Passing In Review—Galveston, Texas, Mardi Gras

BORN THAT WAY

BY H. C. WIRE

SOME far-sighted company, planning to fly campers and fishermen into the Sierra Nevadas, had put up a wind sock on the green floor of Olancha Meadow. On the afternoon that the first plane came snoring over the summit to test out the new field, tall, slim, red-headed Bill Taylor and his forest patrol partner, Gus Wade, sat watching it from in front of their log cabin.

The landing field was some ten miles north of the ranger patrol station, but in coming through the summit notch, the ship had passed directly overhead. It was still in sight and having no easy time. Even a landsman could tell that.

Bill Taylor shrugged, and let the boot sole he was trying to tack on with shingle nails lie for a time in his broad brown hand. Fall winds were boiling across the Sierra roof. He could see the plane's wings flash back the afternoon sun as it wheeled and rose and dived in the conflicting currents. The roar of its motor came in gusts of sound; a strange intrusion where no such man-made thunder had ever before challenged the Sierra's own tunes of wind and lightning.

Suddenly the plane nosed into a steep glide and vanished down behind the ridge about Olancha Meadow.

"No, sir!" Bill declared. "None of that for me. Not for a thousand bucks." He paused, surveyed his boot sole, then finished decisively, "No, sir, not for nothin'!"

Gus Wade was making a pack of fire warning signs to take out on tomorrow's trail patrol. The plane had not interested him much. It would take more than an airship, fighting the fall Sierra wind, to arouse him from pursuing his slow, deliberate course through life. He was about thirty, of short, wiry build, with a lean, serious face and brown eyes.

"Scared, huh?" he said shortly.

"Sure," Taylor admitted. "Born that way."

His partner grinned. Wade had heard that remark before. In fact the whole service force of the South Sierra District, from canyon riders to supervisor, had heard it at one time or another. Bill Taylor was afraid of high places. Everyone knew it. Some had tried to shame him out of it; some had hooted; a very few had said he was a coward. But that last was not true.

Bill was honest in his belief. As far back as he could remember, any elevation made him dizzy. He could not cross the old railway trestle that would have cut a mile off of his walk to school. He couldn't climb trees. Once, when other boys were jumping from the rafters of his barn onto the hay twenty-five feet below, and had succeeded in jeering him into trying it, he passed out in a dead faint.

Since then, to all questions of altitude, he had given his

broad grin and the good-natured answer, "Scared? Sure. Born that way."

His partnership with Gus Wade was ideal. In the first place they got along together. Put two men off alone like that, seeing but few other humans during the five summer months of their patrol, and between them will spring up either hate, or a deep, tenacious, unspoken thing more dependable than love.

And besides that, they had a good working plan. Wade rode the high country; Taylor took the low. It was Gus who climbed the thirteen thousand foot pass to Siberian Outpost, and then on up to read the seismograph and other instruments on Whitney's crest at fourteen thousand five hundred. Bill rode the Kern River and the timber lands south of their station.

Wade finished his pack of trail signs and gazed into the blue heavens. "The time's comin'," he prophesied, "when we'll hang these here cards on the moon and do all our patrolin' like that fellow up yonder."

"Yeah? Well, when that time comes along," Taylor paused and tapped his bronze forest service badge, "this thing is going to lose its job riding around on my shirt front."

Continuing with his boot repairs, he cast an occasional worried glance in the direction the plane had vanished. His concern was sincere, but he covered it lightly with, "Hope that bird isn't over there knocking the tops off of those big cedars."

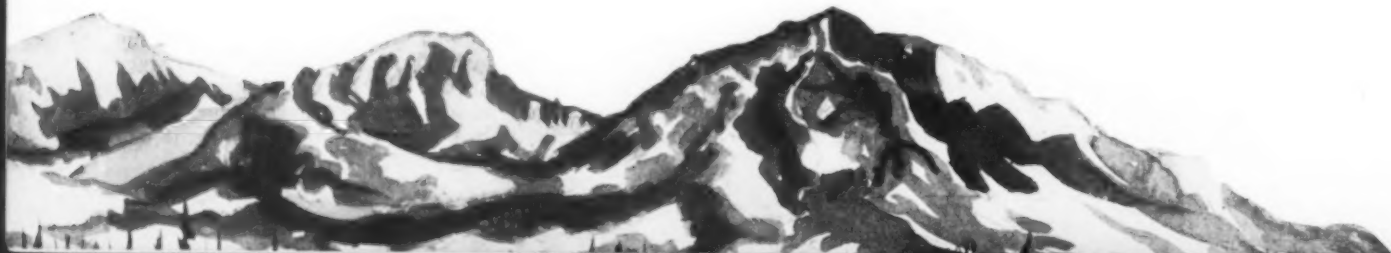
"Better ride over tomorrow and see," Wade suggested. "Maybe he'll take you up!"

Taylor answered with his slow grin.

The ship was safe enough. Even before the two men had saddled and started on their separate patrols the next forenoon, the far-off rumble, rising and falling in volume, sounded over the range. For two days then, as Bill Taylor rode south along his river route, and north again through the pine ridges and grass meadows, he heard it often.

Weather seemed of no importance to the flying man. The wind dropped and there came that tense, dramatic calm of fall in the high country, turning to winter. Taylor knew his season of trail riding was almost done. The air became thick and leaden. Spot clouds gathered into one huge puffball, its underside an angry gray. Regardless of these warning signals, the plane droned overhead regularly each morning and afternoon.

On the third day, Taylor's patrol line led close to Olancha Meadow, and curious to know what it was all about, he turned in that direction. The airman was up doing stunts when he came to the field. Loops, a nose



dive, a tail stand that threw his plane onto its back and dropped him a thousand feet apparently out of control, and yet out of which he came with a definite, deliberate flip of his wings. Then down with the rush of an attacking eagle, side-slipping when it seemed he would overshoot the meadow, reaching the grass in a perfect three point—two wheels and tail skid touching at the same instant.

"So help me Mabel!" Taylor muttered, awe-struck.

He tied his horse to a tree and walked across to where the ship stood with its motor running out the gas. His knowledge of aircraft was limited to far-off sights. This one looked pretty good, judged by the same standards he would have used on horseflesh. It was a two-seated biplane with tan wings, and had a sound, well-built appearance. But he eyed it with considerable distrust.

A goggled head peered at him from the rear cockpit. Two legs in boots and khaki swung overside. Then the flier jumped down and pulled off his glasses. For an instant Bill Taylor stared in silent wonder. A kid! Not more than twenty; maybe less. A kid up there doing that!

The boy spoke first, holding out his hand. "Hello, Ranger. Kelley's my name." He had light hair, clear blue eyes and a red-cheeked, carefree face. His hand gripped Bill's with strength and his gaze was keenly alive.

"I'm Taylor," said Bill, and then at once, "My gosh, son! Ain't you even dizzy?"

"Dizzy?" repeated the boy. "From what?" He thrust his hands into his pockets and looked puzzled.

Taylor swung one arm upward. "From turnin' pin-wheels on your ear. My gosh, you don't care much for that neck of yours!"

Kelley smiled, half amused, half tolerant. "My neck's safe. Flying isn't dangerous."

"Oh, no," Taylor grinned.

"Honest," Kelley insisted. "Why I'd a lot rather be in my place than on that bronco you're riding."

The horse had stampeded when the plane came down, rearing as Taylor checked him, and then had given a few buck jumps before becoming quiet. But Bill had scarcely noticed that.

"At least," he argued, "a horse has his feet somewhere near earth."

"Old stuff!" said the boy. "Flying's safe. The higher the safer." His eyes narrowed speculatively and his manner became grave and ponderous. "Why, mister," he explained, "the air is soon to be the nation's highway. Everybody will use it. We've got to get away from these old ideas of danger and dizziness and all that bunk. Say, do you want to go up?"

Bill Taylor's long lean face turned suddenly blank.

"Come on," young Kelley urged. "I'll give you a good ride."

"No, you won't," Taylor managed. "Not any!"

Kelley looked him up and down curiously, the whole six feet of him, and packed considerable meaning into that survey. "You don't mean," he said, "you're scared?"

"Sure do," Taylor grinned. "Born—"

"Well I'll be hanged!" The flier turned appealingly to his ship. "Did you get that one? There's something to put in your wind sock!"

Such talk was not new to Taylor. He let it pass. "Say," he asked in a minute, "what's your idea in sticking around these hills?"

"Testing the air," Kelley answered. "I've been sent here to try it out in all kinds of weather. Then next year, if everything is OK, the company will run a regular passenger line to this field."

"Had about enough, haven't you?"

"Not yet. Why?"

Taylor glanced aloft. "Snow coming.

Coming soon and plenty of it."

"Fine!" Kelley approved. "I've never flown in a snow storm."

Taylor shrugged. Some things were too much for words. And a little later he rode

home, admiring the boy, yet convinced that all fliers were crazy.

Gus Wade had not yet come in from his three days' patrol. Taylor turned his horse into the pasture, then started the supper fire, putting on enough ham and potatoes for two.

About dusk his prediction of snow became a fact. Wind sprang up, whirling the first big feathers past his cabin window. He ate his meal alone, with an ear alert for any sound of Wade's approach.

At nine o'clock, with the wind rising and snow spreading thickly, he went to the service telephone in its iron box outside his door and cranked three long rings. In a moment a voice answered from district headquarters twenty miles over the range.

"Hello," Taylor returned. "Have any of you down there heard from Gus Wade?"

Borden, the supervisor, was put on the line. "Yes," he said. "Wade called in here from the patrol box at Horse Meadow about noon. He was headed for Whitney, to read the instruments."

"The devil he was!" Taylor shot back. "Didn't he say anything about a storm?"

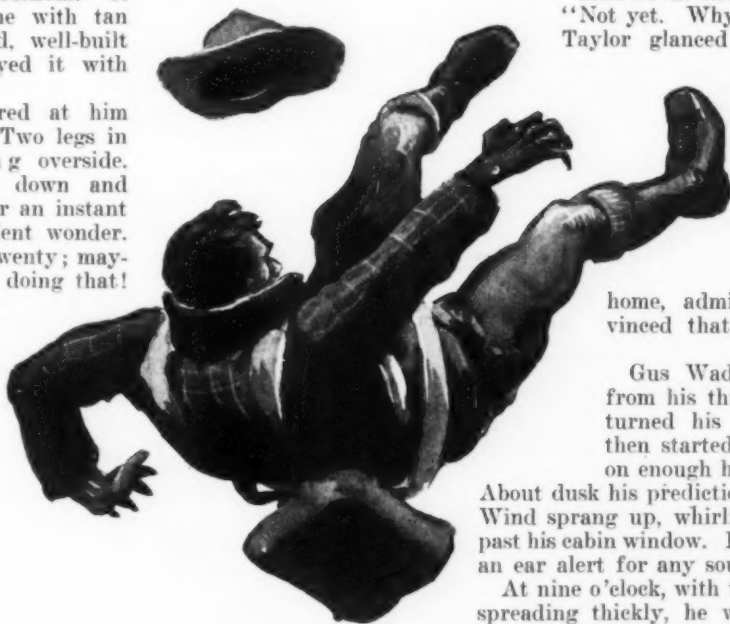
"No. Nothing except that it would be his last trip to the top this season."

"And it sure will be," Taylor asserted grimly. "Snow's falling right now. Wind coming up. Thermometer reads close to zero at this station."

"Wade's all right," the super declared confidently. "No use to worry about that old-timer. Takes care of himself. He'll be in there tomorrow morning, I expect, but if he isn't you call me again."

Taylor went inside and threw more wood on the fire. The stove glowed red hot and still he was cold. He knew Wade could take care of himself. But there was always the chance of an accident. Even the best of mountain men recognized that. A jumpy horse could do it; or a slip on Whitney's cliffs; or any number of unforeseen things.

Several times during the night Taylor awoke to the increasing moan of the wind and the swirl of snow against his windows. At dawn he crawled out of his bunk and into zero air that cut his skin (Continued on page 40)



THE SHELLSHOCKED FLOORWALKER

ARCHIBALD J. WINTERS was only a floorwalker in Vandemark's Department Store—but

what a floorwalker. Big, broad shouldered and commanding, a dream of physically perfect manhood, he promenaded the aisles with majestic mien and lordly tread. The "flapper" customers giggled, but the salesgirls viewed him with unbounded admiration and awe.

Some men might aspire to mediocre fame—but not Archie; his soul thirsted for the honor of being acclaimed as New York's most aristocratic floorwalker; no greater honor could his mind conceive. This was the star to which his particular little wagon was hitched; sleeping or waking his mind contained but the one idea, the one ambition. But the declaration of war shattered all his dreams, and reduced his aspirations to ashes. Cold, clammy, abject fear gripped him.

The draft was imminent—it was no respecter of persons, not even the most aristocratic of floorwalkers could escape.

His soul recoiled from the thought of being pitchforked into the Infantry—the mere thought of the fighting Marines or "Treat 'em Rough" Tank Corps was abhorrent. He must beat the draft; he must volunteer in order to select the particular unit to be honored by his aristocratic presence.

"Hosiery, please?" queried a quiet voice at his elbow.

"This way, Madam—if you please," he cooed.

Instantly and automatically his body assumed its much studied pose—with arms slightly bended and advanced, head deferentially lowered, he slowly and majestically led the way. Merely a flunkey, only a satellite, but a satellite who believed himself infinitely "greater than Jove." Nora Moran's blue Irish eyes sparkled as he convoyed the customer down the broad aisle.

"Oh, ain't he simply grand," she whispered to the other girl.

Catching the "come hither" look in Nora's eyes, as he returned to his throne by the door, he paused at her counter.

"Nora, I'm going to volunteer for the army," he said grandiloquently.

BY FRANK GRAHAM



Archibald J. Winters was only a floorwalker in Vandemark's Department Store—but what a floorwalker

"Oh, don'tcha do it, Mr. Winters, that's no place for a perfect gentleman like you. Believe me, there'll be an awful

lotta roughnecks in that army."

"It's my duty to fight for my country, besides I'm too much of a man to wait for the draft and then be forced to go."

"Aw g'wan—what should you care. Besides, look at your beautiful hands, they were never made for rough army work. They always remind me of the surgeon to the Sis-

ters Hospital, the time I was op'rated on. My boy friend, Jimmy McQueen, has enlisted, but he's only a roughneck truck driver an' would sooner fight than eat. You're too much of a gentleman, Mr. Winters, and besides you're the most elegant floorwalker in N'York."

"I must, Nora, my country needs every able bodied man in its army," he answered, drawing himself up to his full height of six-foot-three, and trying to look like Ajax defying the lightning.

"Oh, he's just glorious!" breathed Nora as Archibald paced majestically back again down the aisle.

Standing like a statue just inside the entrance door, he looked carefully at his long slender fingers, his well manicured nails, his white hands that had never been defiled by manual labor—and smiled.

"Surgeon's hands," Nora had said. Slowly the wrinkles erased themselves from his forehead, the harassed lines left his face. The riddle was solved, and his gushing salesgirl friend, the girl he hoped some day to marry, had solved it. "Surgeon's hands," that was it—the Hospital Corps—a non-combatant unit and therefore largely out of danger. Naturally there would be a disagreeable amount of blood and shattered shell-torn bodies after a battle, but then, of course, it would be the other fellow's blood, the other fellow's wounds—his own perfect body would remain unscarred and unscathed. The Hospital Corps was exactly

right. Again he stretched himself to his full height—again the creaseless black coat, the razor like edge of his trousers denoted the Beau Brummel of all floorwalkers. Again he was Ajax defying the lightning.

He had read of American refugees seeking sanctuary during troublous times in foreign countries, in the Consulates under the American flag. He would seek sanctuary from the draft under the white flag with the Red Cross in the center. Not a very laudable determination for a man

of his stature in time of war, but fully in keeping with his subservient floorwalker soul.

Looking in a full length mirror opposite his station he beheld his pleasing reflection. Over six feet of physically perfect young manhood, as beautifully clothed as a tailor's dummy—surely fortune could hold no greater gift for such a man than to be acclaimed as the Prince of New York's floorwalkers, and this damned war had to spoil it all.

The Hospital Corps gained a recruit. The training camp was a nightmare—the drill sergeant was a brute. The lordly aristocratic floorwalker's measured tread must be changed to the regulation "hayfoot-strawfoot," of the army; it was a desecration that wrung Archie's very soul, but it was accomplished nevertheless.

Still it was comforting to know that the continual drill-drill-drill didn't presage, as he feared, his entry into the fighting Infantry. It was a relief to find that no rifle or other fighting arms were issued to him. Simply a white band bearing a Red Cross encircled his arm—just the same as the young women nurses.

He was a beautiful picture of a perfect fighting man in his well fitting uniform, but he looked a little longingly at the other units with their rifles, bayonets and cartridge belts. Still the little white armlet felt nice and comforting with its soothing message of safety and sanctuary.

Came embarkation orders for France. Archie's soul was filled with vague dread. Where was this France they talked so much about? What was it like, he wondered. Outside of New York City everything was wild and uncivilized, he knew it positively, because he had once traveled into the Far West, even out beyond Newark, New Jersey.

On embarkation day Nora Moran was at the dock to say good-bye to her glorious brave soldier, who was so willing to give up his life for his country.

"Oh, are you an officer, Archie?" she asked gleefully.

"No! Why do you ask that?"

"All the men, except the officers, have guns and bay'nets an' shootin' things, an' you have no rifle a-tall."

"Oh, I'm a member of the Hospital Corps—a very important branch of the service," said Archie proudly, trying again to look like Ajax defying the lightning but failing dismally.

"Oh," said Nora endeavoring to convince herself that her idol had honest to God feet of anything except clay, but also failing. "Why my cousin, Nellie Callahan, is a nurse, too, trained at the Saint Francis Xavier Hospital, by the Sisters; she's goin' over next week. Maybe you'll meet her."

Winters winced. "Nora, I'm going overseas as a soldier, a volunteer. I'm going because it's my duty. I didn't pick out the showiest outfit I could find, but simply went where real men were needed most. I am a soldier, willing and ready if necessary to die for my country."

Nora looked up almost pitifully at her big tall idol;

bravely the blue Irish eyes strove to keep back the tears, strove to curb the unruly tongue, but the irrepressible fighting Irish spirit conquered.

"Yes, you're a soldier. Your uniform proves it, but are the boys that swing the towels in a prizefighter's corner prizefighters? They're in the game, but they jump outa the ring when the gong sounds an' the fight begins. They just fan the real fighter with their little towels, to get him ready for the nex' round. You notice these towel swingers don't get many black eyes and broken noses either, but they can talk afterwards an' tell about the big fight they was in."

"You little Irish spittfire, some day I'll make you take that back, that is—if I manage to come back alive," said Archie trying hard to smile, and vainly searching for sympathy.

"Sure you'll come back alive. Why not? Isn't it against the law for the Germans to hit a man when he's got one of those white handkerchiefs tied on his arm. Why, they'd be li'ble to arrest, if they hurt you."

"Archie was aghast; no saleslady had ever dared to speak in such a flippant manner to a head floorwalker before.

The blue eyes stopped blazing and began to show signs of tears. "Good-bye, honey," she said. "Maybe the Sisters will train me for a nurse and send me over there. Then when I come to take your nursin' job, I'll stick a rifle in your fist an' say, 'Go an' give them Heinies hell, Archie,' an' I'll bet you'll go a-jumpin'."

The bugle sounded and Archie was gone. Through a mist of tears Nora watched the big ship pull out from the dock.

"Poor boy," she whispered to herself. "He's glorious, an' a real man, but all men don't love fightin'—only East Siders and Irishmen."

The big ship filled Archie with dismay. Submarines were hid-

ing under that wide, tossing ocean, waiting to blow the troop ship to atoms. Mentally he was already in the war and shellshocked—before the ship was out of sight of land.

He was not an actual coward, but his floorwalker spirit was receiving its baptism of fire and failed, through long years of subservient habit, to assert itself.

The troop ship landed at Southampton, the line units were sent over to Cherbourg and the Hospital Corps held in England for further training.

Archie noted with relief that the Channel divided him from the scene of actual conflict. Days of endless drills; all drill masters seemed to him to be loud mouthed brutes. Constantly dancing before his eyes, like a beautiful mirage on the desert, was the well ordered store, the aisles crowded with busy shoppers, the "Prince of floorwalkers" standing immobile, dignified and aloof. The picture drove him frantic, the contrast with the shouting drill sergeants was too great. Still his judgment had been good, the little white armlet was keeping him safe in quiet England, far from that hideous, dreaded front line.

With nervous horror he heard the order to embark for France. Imaginary shells seemed (Continued on page 38)



Onto the surprised gun crew he threw himself like a frenzied maniac running amuck



Cuba Celebrates End of Platt Pact

Havana, June 9.—While Cuba began a three-day celebration today of the abrogation of the Platt amendment, foreigners were given cause for rejoicing when President Mendieta abolished the registration decree.

Sponsored by a previous administration, it would have cost the hundreds of thousands of foreigners as high as \$5.20 a person and considerable trouble.

An amnesty law for all political prisoners except supporters of former President Machado was approved and sentences of common prisoners were reduced one-fourth.

It was officially explained that the decrees represented "the joy and good will" felt for the Platt amendment abrogation.

Cuba's highest honor, the "Cross of the Order of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes," will be conferred upon Secretary of State Hull and Marquez Sterling, Cuban Ambassador to Washington, for their part in scrapping the amendment.

Japan Thanks U. S. Navy for Part in Togo Rites

A message of thanks from Admiral Minao Osumi, the minister of the Japanese navy, expressing appreciation for American Naval participation at the funeral services for Admiral Togo in Tokyo, was received at the Navy Department, Secretary Swanson announced.

The commander in chief of the United States Asiatic Fleet, Admiral Frank B. Upham, his officers and a detail of American sailors attended the services in Hibiya Park in Tokyo, serving as a guard of honor.

Navy Approves Plans for 24 New Warships

Washington, D. C., June 7.—In the Navy's first definite move toward treaty strength, Secretary Swanson yesterday approved plans for the construction of 24 naval vessels.

Fourteen destroyers and six submarines, Swanson said, will be the first ships built under the Vinson plan to lay down by 1939 the 102 remaining fighting craft permitted by treaty.

They will be constructed with \$40,000,000 of ear-marked public works funds to be provided in the deficiency appropriation bill pending in the Senate.

In addition, one heavy and three light cruisers will be built out of current appropriations from specifications approved today. Secretary Swanson said the Navy hoped to open bids some time in August.

Haiti May Get U. S. Buildings

Washington, D. C., June 6.—As a gesture of friendship, President Roosevelt yesterday asked Congress for authority to give Haiti the barracks, buildings, garages and equipment used by U. S. Marines during the period of occupation. The value of the property is about \$100,000.

Under the terms of a treaty between the two governments, the Marine occupation will end in October. The Navy transport *Henderson* left Monday to take away the first detachment.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
Born July 11, 1767

Marine Decapitated by Runaway Plane

Quantico, Va., June 6.—Jumping the block on which it was being warmed up yesterday, a Marine Corps observation plane struck and decapitated Staff Sergeant William Greer. According to Maj. F. T. Evans, commanding officer of aviation, the plane was being warmed up on a block with a mechanic in the cockpit when it suddenly jumped the block and ran wild.

Speeding across the field, the runaway plane first struck another plane of which Greer was crew chief and then turned around, the propeller striking Greer before he could reach safety.

There were no other injuries as a result

of a collision, and the planes were not badly damaged, Major Evans said. He asserted that the reason for the plane leaving the block is as yet unexplained.

Germany Recalls Battle of Jutland

Berlin, May 31.—While America's sea-fighting forces steamed in parade before President Roosevelt, Germany turned back today to celebrate the anniversary of the greatest naval battle of modern times.

Just 18 years ago the mighty British grand fleet and the German high seas fleet locked in the battle of Jutland—their only meeting during the World War.

The anniversary was observed with more than usual fervor. Parades and memorial addresses were high spots of the program here.

Germany knows it as the battle of "Skagerrak." The decision is still disputed. But although England lost more ships and men, the grand fleet was left in possession of the seas for the remainder of the war, a vital factor in its determination.

Guns to be Replaced

Washington, D. C., June 8.—An unusual repair job will be undertaken at the Washington Navy Yard next month when the USS *Goff* and another destroyer come here to have their old guns removed to be relined and new ordnance placed aboard.

Ordinarily the vessels are not brought to Washington, the exchange of guns taking place at one of the Navy yards which has regular equipment for this work. Giant cranes will be brought into play here to lift the guns from the decks of the destroyers.

Marine Memorial Fund is Approved

Washington, D. C., June 9.—Steps were taken yesterday for the removal of the Navy and Marine Memorial Monument to Washington from Cleveland and erection on the pedestal built several years ago on Columbia Island, between the Mount Vernon boulevard and the Potomac River.

The House passed a joint resolution authorizing an appropriation of \$13,000 for the work after reducing the amount from \$18,000.

The monument, which has lain in a Cleveland foundry for some time, is the outgrowth of a movement begun in 1923 by a group of Government officials and prominent citizens who formed the Navy and Marine Memorial Association. Two million school pupils, patriotic societies, religious bodies and other organizations contributed \$380,000 for the memorial.

Gen. Little Confers on Marine Evacuation

Washington, D. C., May 24.—Arranging for the evacuation of the United States Marines from Haiti in October, Brig. Gen. Louis McCarty Little, commanding the 1st Brigade of Marines at Port au Prince, has arrived in Washington to confer with high ranking naval authorities.

Secretary Swanson announced at his press conference that no details have been reached over transfer of United States property to the Haitian government when the Marines withdraw in the fall. General Little expects to return to Haiti in July.

Promoted to the rank of brigadier general on January 1, General Little has been commanding the 1st Brigade of Marines in Haiti for about two and a half years.

Marines Astonish With Precision in N. Y. March

New York, June 2.—Marines of the Navy's fighting fleet paraded on Fifth Avenue today with a verve and precision that brought congratulatory expressions from landlubbers and high ranking officers of the Army.

Maj. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, commander of the Second Corps Area, and grand marshal of the parade, called the demonstration "amazing."

"How they do it in the little time they have off the ships is beyond me," he said.

Japanese Note Orders China to Produce Missing Envoy

Shanghai, June 13.—Disappearance of a Japanese vice consul at Nanking rapidly developed today into a serious international incident.

Increasing tension caused fears of reprisals which might result in renewal of unofficial warfare in the Shanghai-Nanking area.

Japan demanded that China guarantee the safety of the missing diplomatic official, Hideaki Kuramoto. He disappeared in Nanking last Friday.

The Tokyo note advising Nanking that Japan holds China responsible for Kuramoto's well being was handed the foreign office at Nanking by Consul General Suma.

The Tokyo note advised the Nanking government formally of the disappearance of Kuramoto, although Chinese officials of high rank had been trying to locate him.

Marine Corps Seeks 1,000

Energetic young men with a high school education whose search for work has been in vain might try applying to Marine Corps Recruiters.

The Marines are looking for 1,000 recruits. Enlistment is for four years, and character references are necessary. Age limits are 17 to 35.

Fleet Ordered to Many Ports; Sails on June 18

Washington, D. C., June 9.—Sailing schedules for the ships of the United States fleet, now concentrated in New York City, were announced yesterday at the Navy Department. On June 18 the majority of the vessels will leave their berths in the Hudson River and proceed to various ports holding tactical exercises en route.

Sailors Offer Blood for Slums Child

New York, June 12.—Fourteen seamen from the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania* offered their blood for 3-year-old Frank Catanio, victim of a mysterious blood disease.

They volunteered for a transfusion at Norwegian Hospital, Brooklyn, after physi-

cians refused to allow the father, Emelio, destitute and ill shoemaker, to give any more of his own blood.

Two of the fourteen, N. F. Alexander and E. R. Lenster, were found to have blood of the same type as the boy. They tossed a coin, and the choice fell to Alexander to submit to a transfusion today.

Memorial Services

The Major Philip Townsend Case Post, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, held memorial services last Sunday, June 3, for the late Major Case, U.S.M.C., in the Chapel of the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn.

The services were conducted by Chaplain Edward A. Duff, U.S.N., assisted by Chaplain Kirkpatrick. Chaplain "Doc" Clifford was the speaker on this occasion and was introduced by Father Duff as a friend of his, of whom the Navy and Marines always delighted to honor.

Marine Flyer Lacks Suitable Plane and is Kept Out of Meet

Washington, D. C., May 27.—The United States lacks a suitable high-speed stunting



CALVIN COOLIDGE
Born July 4, 1872

plane with which to compete in the forthcoming international air meet at Vincennes, France, so, although Lieutenant Lawson H. M. Sanderson, famed flyer of Quantico, Va., was picked by the National Aeronautical Association to represent this country in the contest he will have to remain at home.

This developed yesterday after Lieutenant Sanderson, who has just returned to the Marine Corps base, following aerial maneuvers with the United States fleet in the Caribbean, found himself without a suitable ship. He had made all arrangements to go and had secured the permission of Secretary Swanson and Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, commandant of the Marine Corps.

The Curtiss firm at Buffalo, N. Y., was preparing a plane for Lieut. Sanderson's use, officials disclosed, but owing to a strike at the company's plant it could not be gotten ready in time. Yesterday was the deadline on shipping the plane from the United States to France.

Accordingly, the United States will not be represented, officials declared, in the meet, as Lieutenant Sanderson was the only service flyer chosen by the association to go to France.

Niece of Naval Hero to Sponsor Vessel

Washington, D. C., June 8.—Miss Mary Frances Monaghan of Spokane, Wash., yesterday was designated by Secretary Swanson as sponsor for the new destroyer *Monaghan*, named for her uncle and now being built at the Boston Navy Yard.

The vessel, which is to be launched about July 1, is named for the late Ensign John Robert Monaghan, who was killed in Samoa on April 1, 1899, while attempting to rescue a brother officer who had been wounded.

Hundreds Waiting to Glimpse Fleet Are Disappointed

Sandy Hook, N. J., May 31.—Hundreds of persons gathered today along the North Jersey shore and the high eminence at Atlantic Highlands, for a view of the fleet forming for the presidential review, but fog limited visibility to one mile.

At 11 A. M. it appeared unlikely the fog would lift in time for the spectators to see the ships of the fleet, several miles off shore.

The Government reservation, thrown open to the public, began to fill early and other crowds sought a point of vantage at Highlands. Many left, however, as the fog clung to the coast.

Naval Papers Salvaged From Plane

Livingston Manor, N. Y., June 12.—The giant airplane which carried seven persons to their deaths on the rugged side of Montgaup Mountain, near here Saturday, carried valuable naval papers which were salvaged.

Dr. V. G. Burke, Sullivan County coroner, disclosed the fact that the papers were aboard as he went ahead today with preparations for an inquest to determine the cause of the disaster.

He said the papers had been in possession of William Bader, Buffalo, one of the victims of the crash; that they had been salvaged and were now in his possession.

12 Japanese Soldiers Killed Fighting Bandits

Tokyo, May 28.—A Rengo-Japanese news agency dispatch from Hsinking, capital of Manchukuo, said today 12 Japanese soldiers were killed and 26 injured in a battle with irregulars near Santaoho, on the branch line of the Chinese Eastern Railway north of Muleng.

The bandits fled, leaving 36 dead, the dispatch stated.

Annapolis Begins Physical Tests

Annapolis, Md., June 8.—Physical examinations of candidates for the plebe class at the Naval Academy began here yesterday at Bancroft Hall by the Navy Medical Board.

There will be approximately 550 members of the new class, it was announced at the Academy. To prevent confusion and undue congestion, the Navy Department has ordered the candidates to report in groups of 30 each day. They must report to the office of the superintendent to have their papers properly certified before going down for their physical examinations.

Hobson Made Rear Admiral

Washington, D. C., June 3.—On the thirty-sixth anniversary of the sinking of the *Merimac* by Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson in Cuban waters, to block the Spanish fleet's escape, Congress yesterday voted him recognition by elevating him to the rank of rear admiral, with retired pay of \$4,500 annually.

The aged Spanish-American War hero, who has received no recognition from the Government since his resignation from the Navy, 30 years ago, because of ill-health, walked into the House galleries shortly after passage of the measure.

A WEAKNESS

Mrs. De Riche's fur coat was a last year's model and she was trying to sell it to her colored maid. The maid examined it carefully and thoroughly before giving her verdict.

"Miz De Riche, hit's a nice coat, and good material, and awful well made, but hit sho is rump sprung."

—Greyhound Lines.



What's the penalty for bigamy?
Two mothers-in-law.

Chief—"We must dismiss that traveler. He has been telling all our clients that I am an ass!"

Partner—"I'll speak to him and tell him not to discuss business secrets."

—Schweizer Illustrierte.

Mother—Sammy, what are you doing?
Sammy—Nothing, mother.

Mother—You're getting more like your father every day.

—Pathfinder.

A jury was out two days before returning a verdict.

"You must have had a hard time reaching a verdict," the judge said.

"Oh, no; we agreed on a verdict on the first ballot," a jurymen replied, "but we sure had a time of it electing a foreman."

—Christian Advocate.

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but now I don't care what happens to you."

—Toronto Globe.

A man who had been celebrating unwisely, but well, came to a workman digging a hole.

"Whatsh you doing?"

"Digging a tunnel."

"Whersh it going?"

"Under the river."

"An' how long will it take?"

"About three or four years."

"Can't wait that long (hic). I'll take the ferry."

—Schenectady Union-Star.

First Burglar—I need glasses.

Second Ditto—What makes you think so?

First Burglar—Well, I was twirling the knobs of a safe and a dance orchestra began to play.—One Thousand New Jokes.

THE WRONG STATISTICS

In the course of the trial the judge turned to the Negro woman on the stand and asked:

"How old are you?"

"I'se seventy-three, judge."

"Are you sure?"

"Yass, suh."

"Mandy, you don't look seventy-three."

"I'se sure, judge."

After a few moments the trial was interrupted by Mandy.

"Judge, I'se mistaken about my age being seventy-three; that's my bust measure, suh."—Cheese and Crackers.

It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on, he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers to this "Old Rag of Freedom" pony up before long he will need bread without a damn thing on, and Wisconsin is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.—Mills Messenger.



You say your car was overhauled yesterday? It doesn't seem to run so good.

Yeh, that's the trouble. It was overhauled by a speed cop.

Waiter—Our liquor is ten years old if it's a day.

Customer—And what do you call it when it's two days old?—Dell Publications.

"Talking of nerve, Brown is about the limit."

"What's he done?"

"He called yesterday morning to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to shoot a dog that kept him awake at night."

"Well."

"My dog's been shot."

—U.S.S. Arkansas Arklite.

He was sprouting with great vigor against corporal punishment for boys, which he declared never did any good. "Take my own case," he exclaimed, "I was never caned but once in my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted somebody in the audience, "it cured you."—Vart Hem.

AMONG FRIENDS

A certain bond salesman had not sold a bond for the last six months and was finally fired. He needed some money to tide him over until he could get a job so he went to a friend of his who happened to manage a circus and asked him for a loan. The circus manager said he was sorry but his trained baboon has just died and it was going to cost him \$5,000 or \$10,000 to get a new one; consequently he could not accommodate him.

The ex-bond salesman thought for a moment and then suggested to his friend that he take the skin from the dead baboon and let him get inside of it, carrying on in the show, thus enabling him to earn a little money.

The circus manager agreed and two or three days later the show went on. The baboon came out and did his stuff, much to the delight of the crowd, who applauded and cheered; and the more they applauded the more he pranced about until, unfortunately, he slipped and fell into the lion's cage. The lion let out a growl and started to pursue him but our friend, the baboon, for a few minutes kept out of the lion's way.

Finally, seeing that he was about to be captured, he started to yell, "Help! Help!" whereupon the lion said, "Shut up, you fool; do you think you're the only bond salesman out of work?"

—Forbes Magazine.

A Frenchman learning English said to his tutor: "English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean: 'Should Mr. Noble, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again and run he will in all probability have a walkover?'"

—Sheffield Weekly Telegraph.

Two political candidates were discussing the coming local election. "What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one.

"A few cheered — but the majority seemed to lose interest at once."

—Pathfinder.

Patron—(a school-master, handing dinner slip to waiter)—"Take this back to your desk and work it out again."

—Everybody's Weekly.



You say the captain locked you up because your nose itched? That's funny.

Yeh. I guess I shouldn't have scratched it with my thumb.

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

TALES OF MARINES

SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST. By Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's). \$2.50

There is no need to introduce Captain Thomason to our readers. Since the publication of "Fix Bayonets" a decade ago the captain has steadily mounted the ladder of literary importance. Whether the Marine officer's greatest fame lies in his ability as an artist or as a writer is a debatable question. Critics of both arts acclaim him.

"Salt Winds and Gobi Dust" is a baker's-dozen short stories. We have read most of them before, when they were published in various journals. One especially, "Born on an Iceberg," we ripped out of the magazine to better preserve it. It is the story of Karen Bryn, an ice-veined Norwegian girl who upset the tradition of the fishing village in which she was born and became a nurse. A Doctor Sanchez, practicing in Bluefields, Nicaragua, was in need of an assistant. Karen went and soon found herself ministering to the battle wounded and following the revolution through the jungles.

"Hanneken," the story of a Marine Sergeant (now captain) who shot and killed Charlemagne, the notorious bandit of Haiti, is told with dramatic terseness. "Mixed Marriage" attracted considerable attention when it was originally published; as did "With a Dust Storm Blowing," and "Mutiny." The latter is a yarn of the revolt of the German Navy, and the captain learned of the story through a Marine who once served in the Kaiser's Fleet.

"The Collector" concerns a lugubrious individual who journeyed the world around taking pictures of executions. We have from authority other than the captain that this person actually existed to shock people with his morbid hobby. As a matter of fact Captain Thomason in all probability has given us less fiction than fact all through the book. Whether these characters are living or fancied is unimportant. They become real to the reader.

Nearly two score illustrations, drawn by the author, round the book into perfection. Every Marine will enjoy reading these tales of his service.

"CHINA STATION CAN"

WE SAIL TOMORROW. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan (Longmans, Green). \$2.00

This is the novel that has all the naval service arguing as to whether or not it portrays correctly the life and duties of an officer aboard a destroyer. The main dispute seems to center on Captain Leidig's act of taking over the wheel during a typhoon. To our mind it's a mighty small point, and Mr. Brennan is to be congratulated upon his ability to write stories of the Navy as salty as a fifth-cruise Jimmy Legs.

Joel Tiernan, of the U. S. Navy, is ordered to Manila. He visits a Chinese philosopher where he meets Aithra, with whom he falls in love. Too late he discovers she is the wife of Captain Leidig, commander of the U.S.S. *Spearman*, to which Tiernan is attached.

The *Spearman*, known as the "China Station Can," isn't exactly a happy ship. Everyone in it is firm in the belief that the ship is jinxed. The rudder jams during maneuvers and a tragedy is narrowly averted. The officers quarrel among themselves, and fights in the enlisted men's quarters are frequent. Tiernan, to save the tottering morale, organized a whaleboat race. He personally puts up a prize of one hundred dollars and a keg of beer. The *Spearman* wins and the situation becomes less tense.

In the meantime Joel and Aithra endeavor to solve their own problems and become more hopelessly in love.

The destroyer clears Manila for Shanghai. She runs into a typhoon: "Across two miles of innocent, ruffled water, the typhoon was charging at us. A wide, angry surf had erupted from the middle of the sea. Spread like a wall from one side of our world to the other, it had a horrible and incredible height. It came upon us in serpentine leaps . . . A deluge of rain struck our steel deck with the ring of a gigantic hammer blow."

The captain brings the destroyer through the storm, but the typhoon at sea was nothing compared to the tempest of emotions that are destined to shake them in China. The triangle becomes a rectangle, with all its possibilities.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

MEN AGAINST THE SEA. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown). A saga of the sea. A sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty," by the same authors. \$2.00

TOO MANY BOATS. By Charles L. Clifford (Little, Brown). A story of an army post in the Philippines during the war. Tragedy and humor, with militarism shorn of its glamour. \$2.00

TOWARD THE FLAME. By Hervey Allen (Farrar & Rinehart). One of the better tales of the war. The personal recollections of a fighting man. \$2.50

INFANTRY IN BATTLE (Infantry Journal, Inc.) A text book of infantry combat principles embodying actual problems confronting all elements of infantry in the World War. Profusely illustrated with maps to explain the problems. \$3.00

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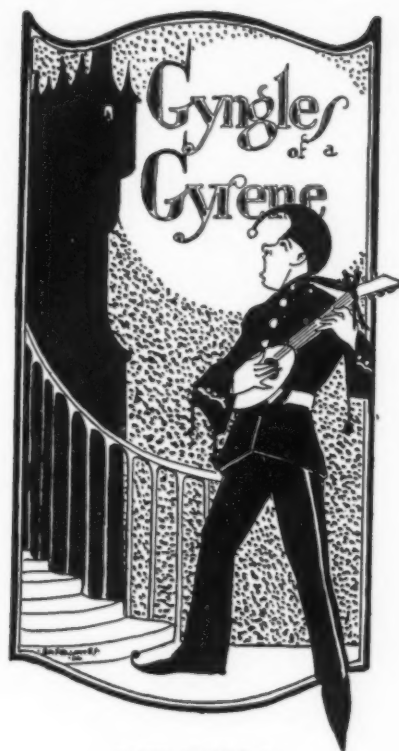
1934

THE LEATHERNECK,
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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THE WAVES

By Arthur W. Ellis

Their sympathetic rhythm beats in tune
With spirits be they bowed by care
For by a flight of fancy they can soon
Change into joy the darkness of despair.

They've borne to me o'er many billowy miles
Fond notes from home and loved ones far
away
And brought from distant lands the melody
of smiles
To brighten up the dullness of the day.

Their buoyant currents bear, perhaps through
surly seas
Or in the face of storms in angry foam
Through fogs, o'er rocks, on courses which
by these
Remain undaunted on the journey home.

No chatter mars the vastness of the deep
Whose ruffles kiss the shores at all earth's
ends
Their gentle murmurs lull to blissful sleep
Wherein come dreams of faithful, loving
friends.

PRIVATE MCKAY

By Tad Jones

Private McKay was a "Hoodoo"
The "Boot-Camp" Non-Coms all said,
His pants wouldn't stay put in his leggin's
Nor his hat set straight on his head.

His rifle seemed always tilted
At just the improper slant;
They told him "God's sake be a soldier,"
And he answered "I guess that I can't."

His two-twenty pounds ne'er were molded
For a proud military display,
He'd pulled levers too long on a street car
To look like a Marine in a day.

But he took the razzing good-natured
And did just the best that he could,

Said: "Over in France I may have a chance
To show 'em that I can make good."

I remember one day in the Argonne
They were giving it to us good
From a machine-gun nest concealed
In a little thicket of wood.

Many had tried to reach it
And man after man they fell
In a hail of Mauser bullets
As hot as the breath of Hell.

But we got 'em at last "The Devils"
They died in a desperate stand.
'Twas Private McKay who rushed it
With a lighted grenade in each hand.

Where seventeen bullets had riddled
His misshapen form could be seen,
And the grizzled "Top Soldier" commented
That he died like a real Marine.

THE RELIC

By Corporal Foster Brunton

Above my desk there hangs a sword—
A relic of an old campaign;
The hilt is aging with the years;
The blade is marked with blackened stain.
In letters faint—they hardly show
A name engraved—Don Cambio.

The other side, another name
Engraved upon the solid steel:
Perhaps engraved more firmly still
In the heart of Don from old Castile.
The carving very faintly shows
The name of Senorita Rose.

Who carried this once trusty arm?
Who felt its edge in deadly blow?
And what of you who fell with it—
Here hangs your sword, Don Cambio.
In silent thought a question grows:
And what of Senorita Rose?

THE WAY TO A THRONE

By Charles Simmons

As I dozed in a crowded arena, I dreamed
of a champion's throne,
Of the praise, the fame and the riches, that
come to a King, alone—
I thought of a life filled with pleasure, all
that goes with fame,
Then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and
heard a voice call my name.

The champion stood at my elbow. He beck-
oned me with a smile,
He took me along a rough, hard road, over
many a lonely mile—
I saw his career beginning, when no sound
of praise could be heard,
For he was just another beginner, fighting
for meals and a kind word.

I followed him through years of trouble,
through slim purses and a few defeats,
I saw him battered and beaten and tossed
about by a fate which cheats.
I saw long years of training, drudgery, toil
and work,
I saw years and years of hard fighting, with
many a painful hurt.

The rise of fame was slow and hard, but
glory came to stay,
For a King must follow the lonely road,
with always a price to pay—
That was the way to a champion's throne,
a long hard trail of work.
That was the way to a title—a champion
can never shirk.

NOR YET WITH REMORSE

By Hair-Trigger Hop

Let us part not in anger, nor yet with
remorse,
But frankly and friendly, as matter of
course.
All dreams must have endings, and love
is a dream
As frail as a bubble on Life's troubled
stream.
Let us part with a handclasp, and kiss
and a smile,
And confess to each other that it was
worth while.
Let us part, then, and hurry, before my
heart cries:
"What the proud lips are saying is noth-
ing but lies!"

"THERE'S SOME GOIN'
EAST . . ."

By Charles William Brinkman

Said a little old man whom I passed one day
While hiking along on the Penn Highway:
"There's some goin' east, and some goin'
west,
"An' there's some what's goin' to eternal
rest—"
And the old man sighed as he went his way
Toward the west on the Penn Highway;
While cars sped by on the smooth cement,
But none that would stop for the aged gent
In the tattered coat and shoe-string tie,
No; they quickened their pace as they passed
him by . . .

Just the other day, on the Lincoln Highway
As I trudged along at the close of day,
A familiar figure toward me came,
A little old man, a trifle lame,
In a tattered coat and a shot-string tie
Who said, when we met, with a gentle sigh:
"There's some goin' east, and some goin'
west,
"An' there's some what's goin' to eternal
rest—"
And again the old man went his way
Toward the west on the Lincoln Highway . . .

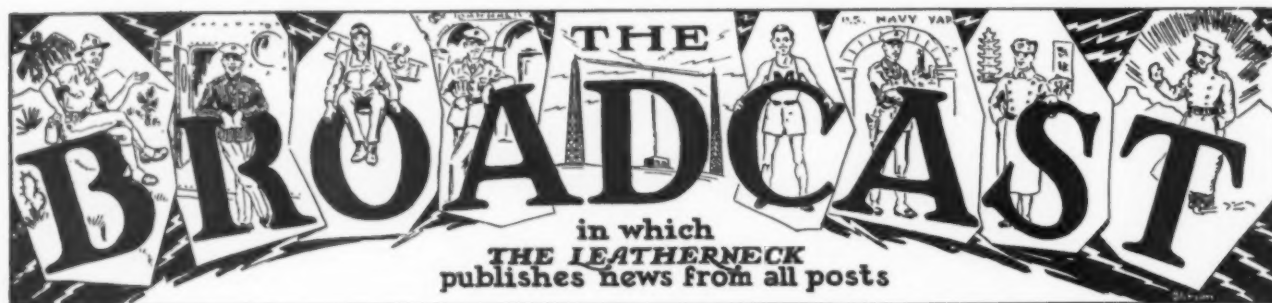
Just yesterday, on the Franklin Highway
I came to where an old man lay
Beside the road where the traffic flows,
A little old man in shabby clothes
(A tattered coat and a shoe-string tie.)
I shook him, gently, then heard him sigh:
"There's some goin' east, and some goin'
west,
"An' there's some what's goin' to eternal
rest—"

And again the old man went his way
Toward the West on the Great Highway . . .

THE SUFFERING JIMMIE-LEGS

By R. M. Blackman

This job of being Jimmy-legs
Is beginning t'get my goat,
For these guys are all so salty
Yuh'd think they owned thuh boat.
I get 'em up at Reveille,
I make 'em turn in at taps.
I make 'em air their beddin'
An' keep 'em from shootin' craps.
Some men do what I tell 'em,
An' again there's others who won't.
Some get sore if I make 'em do things,
An' the Skipper gits sore if I don't.
I'd like to keep all my shipmates,
So I'll tell the Skipper today,
T' give my job to the Leathernecks;
They don't give a darn either way!



Sea-Going Log

THE TUSCALOOSA BEAT-ALLS

By Chris Mackay

For the first time we go to press. Our detachment, newly formed at the Sea School, Portsmouth, Va., has since been transferred to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where we are now doing our bit to guard the post.

The Detachment Officers are First Lt. W. H. Doyle and Second Lt. F. D. Beans. We are sure serving under them will be very interesting and beneficial. The First Sergeant is Edgar C. Hughes, formerly of the Washington Navy Yard Barracks. He lays down the law to us all, but when aid is needed all hands look for the "Top." Gunnery Sergeant Gustafson is in charge of the gun crews, a job for which he is well equipped by experience and knowledge. Sergeant Gregg is the Police Sergeant. We are well supplied with efficient Corporals, Dill, Davis, and Vallery.

The Detachment has in the short time of its formation gained a splendid spirit. Athletically, we have a perfect record. Before leaving Portsmouth we were fortunate enough to win the soft ball championship. The same efforts have again placed us at the head of the league here at Philadelphia. Corporal Vallery and Private Scott are

playing on the post ball team, the former playing centerfield and the latter playing first base and pitching. The comedians are many; our squadrooms are always the center of some prank or joke which helps to maintain the good humor of all. Everyone is very happy to be in the Detachment. A few of our celebrities: Hallahan, the great "All For Me"; Funk "Transfer Please"; Barron "Have You Got Any?" Merrell and Coady. Just a couple of stayouts, Burton, ninety pounds of dynamite. There are a few things we'd like to know: Who signs his name "G. I. Cann?" Where Corporal Davis spends his nights? Why Hanley stands watches in that certain Park?

We will draw to a close now but the future will bring you news of an outfit that is bound to be one of the best.

IDAHO SPUDS

By G. C. H.

We're back in the news again with something interesting to every Marine. The Idaho range detail, consisting of nineteen men and led by our commanding officer, 1st Lt. H. R. Paige, left for Quantico, Va., on May 19, and returned June 2. A total of twelve men qualified; four of them were sharpshooters. Not a very enviable record

but 100 per cent qualification in the Browning Automatic Rifle more than equaled the score made in record practice. Privates Hance and Dean, members of the detail, were taken sick in Quantico and had to remain there. They have yet to fire for record and we expect them to bring up the percentage of qualifiers in the detachment.

And now for some real news concerning progress on the ship. All the Marines' batteries, consisting of five-inch guns, have been mounted and we are anticipating the firing of them eagerly. Most of the gun-strikers have been appointed and can be seen daily familiarizing themselves with their future duty.

We have back with us Private First Class Stringer, who was ill in the hospital, and from all reports he seems to be quite a tennis player.

Pvt. "Curley" Martin, our compartment cleaner, seems to have had a touch of the spring fever, and Sgt. O'Connor is having a tough time trying to keep him awake, especially during working hours.

Pfc. Anthony Cado has gained quite a reputation as an "acting Corporal" and after being appointed gun-striker he proudly announces the fact that his gun will be awarded for excellency in firing.

"Red" Waggoner must have had a hot time with "Curley" Martin during their recent trip to Quantico and can be seen at present cooling off and generally taking life easy.

Pfc. Herron has been promoted to Corporal and we expect him to celebrate in the near future.

I suppose it's time to stop this flow of hash so I'll say so long until next month.

CHICAGO RACKETEERS

By G. P. B.

Sweat, Sweat, and still more sweat—not to mention sore arms and lame backs—and still another Admiral's Inspection to go. And there, as one-fourth of the Marx Brothers would have it, is a picture of the depleted guard of the USS. Chicago taking it (or anything else that might be handy) with their chins up.

On April 9 we left Long Beach with the rest of the fleet, the cumbersome battle-wagons first, followed by the pride of the Navy, the cruisers, which, in turn, were followed by the destroyers, each a grim message of death—all of which, taken together means sweat, sweat, and sti—Nerts! Read the first paragraph again. I refuse to drive further.

Anyhow, we started for the East Coast, and that was a sad day for Long Beach and its inhabitants. Many a fond farewell was murmured, and many sweet nothings were whispered, which, no doubt, would have been much better unwhispered, and—well, we started for the East Coast.



WHALE BOAT CREW, U.S.S. CHICAGO

Standing: Kotch (cox.), Rush, Wagner, Hurn, Meising, Hensey, Fouch and Hog.
Kneeling: Jordan, Coho, Bascom, MacLoughery, Pethel and Woods.

Morning REPORT of a Detachment of MARINES, commanded by Captain JOHN HALL, on board the United States Frigate CONSTITUTION, Commodore EDWARD PREBLE, Commander.

| <i>1st May 1804</i> | OFFICERS. | SERGEANTS. | CORPORALS. | DRUMMERS. | FIFERS. | PRIVATE. | TOTAL. |
|--------------------------------|-----------|------------|------------|-----------|---------|----------|--------|
| Present fit for Duty, | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 34 | 42 |
| On Command, | | | | | | | |
| On Guard, | | | | | | | |
| Absent with leave, | | | | | | | |
| Absent without leave, | | | | | | | |
| Joined, | | | | | | | |
| Sick present, | | | | | | 2 | 2 |
| Confined, | | | | | | 1 | 1 |
| On Extra Duty, | | | | | | 2 | 2 |
| Total, | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 39 | 47 |

J. H. Hall
Comd'g

The first two days of the voyage were calm and peaceful. Then, as third days will, the third day arrived, with general quarters in a big way. That was the first meeting of our new men and "the General," and they thought it quite a lark. That, remember, was the third day. On the fifth day, which followed soon after the third, what with conditioning watches and such in the interim, the same new men weren't shooting until they could see the whites of their eyes.

Battle after battle was fought, and shower after shower was taken, what with the warm weather and all, and between battles and showers we were a bedraggled rabble—but still game.

April 20 was the zero hour for the last problem, and the *Chicago*, in company with three other cruisers and a few submarines, attacked the Canal. We took the place like Grant took Richmond. At least, that was our opinion; but when we arrived at Panama, we learned that the Army had repulsed us, claiming a decisive victory—and their version reached the judges first. So what?

On April 20, all hands rating liberty went ashore and had a large evening—from one to six pee-em. Everyone made the gangway in fine shape, and on time too. That is, everyone except the Top and the Gunnies. They had ten o'clock liberty, so who can say how they came aboard? We

didn't see them. No one else did, either.

The next day—no liberty. Too bad, fellahs. Instead, we made a speed run through the Big Ditch—in six hours (maybe longer, but there's no harm in stretching it a bit).

Seems to me that that's about enough of the tale of woe. It should be about time to give the boys (Marines, you dope. Pershing Square is a long way off!) a bit of space. Love, Groshong and Teer had a beeg time in Panama. They even went so far as to buy themselves a trio of the native topside haberdashery. Of course, the hats look a bit sorry right now, wait until they have been blocked and have been adorned with bands—my, my, my.

Higher-ups please note: Corporal Cartwright wants to do duty at Coco Solo, and the entire detachment thinks the idea a good one.

The Barron says that he intends to put in for a furlough transfer as soon as his corporal's warrant is confirmed. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Anyone desiring good views on any subject whatever, communicate with Corporal Nahory. He is always willing to oblige.

Rose bought a pair of aviator's goggles. Now, if he had a plane . . . and could fly . . .

Corporal Ketch seems to be bucking for something. Oh well, if my request for a sergeant-major's warrant is approved . . .

Dettman, Cash, and Kennedy are good men and true, but why should they have the idea that all Marines are on a diet? When and if we ever get back to civilization, I can see myself saying, "stomach, this is a steak; steak, this is stomach. Now, try to be friends."

How come the boatswain writes the names of his friends on all the "bull" boards? Like this: PAL, Hill; Do., Hurn; Do., DeGruchy.

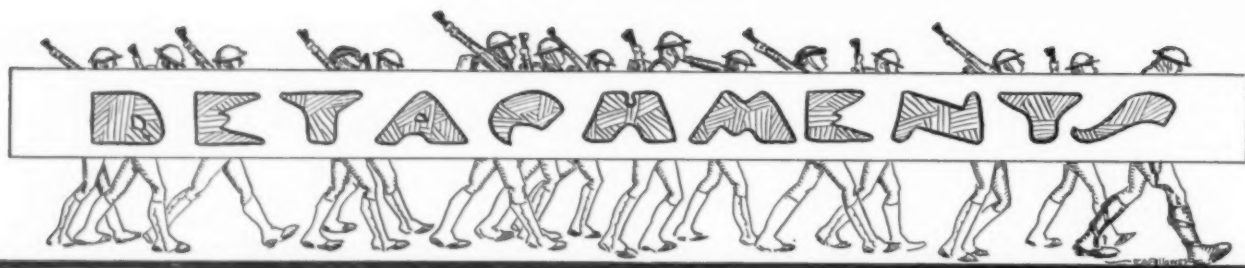
Only one plank owner left—Sergeant Tommilson. He and Minnie—and Brown—shined up the old compartment as she has never been shone before. Comment from an Admiral is not unusual—but favorable comment is. The Admiral commented on the compartment after the inspection—and favorably, too. Mark up one for the Marines.

And so—on May 4 we left Colon for New York City, by way of Cuba and whatever other place seemed entitled to a place in our iti—iten—intin—aw, you know what I mean.

BITS OF RUST FROM THE IRON MARINES

The Frigate *Constitution* has spent quite a bit of time at sea lately, and after a seven-week period, during which the ship was alternately at sea and in port—most

(Continued on page 37)



FORT ISLET DETACHMENT

By Livingston

We, the "Dock Rats," inasmuch as it is considered that our importance in the Brigade has increased immensely since the initial steps toward evacuation have taken place, feel deeply the responsibility we have inherited by being the shippers of both government and private property which the withdrawal from Haiti necessitates transporting back to the United States. Until information giving us the approximate date of evacuation was obtained, ours was a small and insignificant detachment of the Second Marines; our role was chiefly that of handling incoming supplies for the Brigade. Since the olden days of the *Kittery*, we have fulfilled our duties with rare insignificance and with few comments from any quarters. Now, although this organization is still a small one, the task that confronts us in the near future is recognized as one of importance. Inspired by hopes that our thoughts of being back in the States will soon transform into reality, and under capable direction, we feel that we are equal to the responsibility.

When work permits our minds to wander, they automatically drift to the things we hope to do upon arrival at designated posts. It is almost a certainty that the whole Brigade will be transferred as a unit to Quantico, Virginia. What our duties will be there remains to be learned. The idea of procuring a twenty or a thirty-day furlough is one of the most prominent things to which a great many

of us are looking forward. No doubt this will be the subject of many disappointments, for some who are successful in obtaining the leave will still lack immunity from the thwarting of hopes. The only practically certain thing is that we shall experience a change of some kind.

Bearing upon the return of Marines from tropical duty is the almost invariable desire to reach the region of cooler climate during the summer months. In this case the law of averages balances the disappointments of those who had hoped to return during the hot months of July or August against the exultations of the men who had expected nothing better than December or January. It is safe to say that there are few who would reject the opportunity to arrive there at any time. We hope the QM at Quantico has a large supply of overcoats and blankets on hand.

GREAT LAKE GOSSIP

By The Dopester

Well, well, well! Out of seclusion comes the Dopester, to give you Gyrenes the low-down on what is happening in and around the Barracks at Great Lakes. Since the last column in *THE LEATHERNECK*, quite a few have been paid off, and quite a few more have reported here for duty. The present personnel includes no less than fifty men.

Much to the sorrow of the Detachment, our commanding officer, 1st Lieutenant Benner, has been ordered temporarily to Fort Monroe, Va. Although we are glad that the Lieutenant's request has been granted, we are sorry to see him go. We sincerely hope that his tour of duty at his new post will be a pleasant one, as we hope his stay here with us has been.

The Joplin Flash has left the Corps to try his luck at something or other in the Ozark Mountains. We don't know just what the "pickings" are there, but if his power persists, we pity the weaker sex! Fisher, of the mounted patrol, has been hitting the high spots here of late, so the ol' Dopester has been informed. Better watch your step, Fish, or you'll be bunking in North Chi.

Since Ferris has quit the firing job, he is taking off every evening for parts unknown. Methinks I have the dope on him, which I shall promulgate later. Montgomery, better known around these diggings as the Fire Chief, has taken over the duties of administering calories to the berlers and heating aqua for the galley. Monty tells us that he is an ex-tallowpot of long-time railroad experience, and that the job was made to order for him.

Butch Murphy has been giving Waukegan quite a bit of action throughout the week, and from the looks of things, it can't be long soon. That dreamy look in the eye, coupled with calling the Top "darling," is a dead giveaway!

Again, as usual, the Dopester has the dope on Pat O'Bryant. Pat stayed out for about twenty days, then returned to the fold, as welcome as the flowers in May. 'Member what I told you, Pat?

All persons who are at all fairway-billiardishly inclined are requested to transfer here to the Lakes for duty if possible. We need a bit of competition come fall, when the Hook and Slice Club goes into action. By the way, McGuire, it would be a good idea if you would practice up a bit on those approach shots of yours. Remember the first two holes of the second nine last year? Well, forewarned is forearmed, and all that. Kelly, the ex-clown of the company, is being paid off, and from all indications is going to reside in Waukegan. Someone remarked that he intends to drive the taxicab which meets the tri-weekly train.

Peatbog Peck, filly-valet extraordinary, has acquired a few new hoeses for the lads on the mounted patrol. The lads are of the opinion that the new nags have a few too many pep. Come, come, fellows, I thought you all were from the wide open spaces where men are men and women are Congressmen.

What we all want to know at this point is just exactly what Red Kugler thinks is buried out on the golf course. He has been digging there for days! That's okay, Red. Practice makes perfect, or something.

We read in *THE LEATHERNECK* that Private Blackburn has passed on. He was well liked by all who knew him—a swell buddy and a fine soldier. Our heartfelt wish is that his "New Station" is a pleasant one.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By X9

Public schools in the District of Columbia close on June 21st, but our work goes on forever. Have you heard of the Harvard Classics? Well, this column is a part of the Institute Classics. We have a school for NCO's, a school for privates and a school for bowlers, headed by that able wood-hound, Halbert A. McElroy. The marble-shooting tourney has not reached these precincts as yet, but if it does, we have a potential champion in "Herb" Hoover, otherwise known as "L4."

The World's Champion Rifle Team (potential) has just left for the M. B., Quantico, Va., headed by Capt. A. C. Larsen (look out, Morris Fisher). Here is the blue ribbon team: Capt. A. C. Larsen, Gy-Sgt. John J. Ahern, Cpl. Alfred Skowronek, Cpl. David Reichel, Cpl. Michael S. Currin, and Cpl. N. N. Sadoff.

We lost a few good men by discharge, and not a single one shipped over (yet). There they go!! Trumpeter McNally and Private Dunham (I think maybe they come back). The fatted calf has been killed with much ceremony. The soldiers of fortune have re-



turned from the WARS!! Welcome home: McPike, Gunsalus, Bailey, Landry and Sale. "Rebel" Long is sojourning in Georgia and "Salesman Sam" Lakin is in Baltimore for a well earned rest.

Our instruction staff was further augmented by Professors Shisler, Rodier, Wygant, and Messrs. Berry, L. E., and Morris, C. M. Sunning themselves while on furlough are Wade, Berry, W. E., Kroneberg and Corporal Grace. A few promotions came in and Privates Carnahan, Goodspeed and Rodier went to Private First Class. Good luck, boys.

Corporal McNally holds a winning ticket on the Sweepstakes. Willie Hoppe was in town and our best pool shot, Dock Wannamacher, promptly took him for a fast set. Our medical detachment is so proficient that the sick bay is empty. Here they are: Chief Spiller, Ph.M.1el. Artz, Ph.M.2el. Wannamacher and Ph.M.3el. Dunham.

Our brig is also empty, and we are proud of our record, "Not a court in years." We are on funeral details once in a while and this Friday we will be well represented at the Barnett Memorial Services to be held at the Washington Cathedral, when we will march up there in full regalia led by our esteemed C. O., Col. C. B. Taylor.

Corporal Ernst, Corporal Moeger, Corporal Lakin and Private First Class Wilson were commended for assisting the V. F. W. The reward was the first row at the Risko-Brown fight. And so, in conclusion, as Horace Greeley once said "Come to Washington, young man."

Subbing for Lakin, your servant, X9.

COOL CAPE MAY, N. J.

By Frijole de Cafe

We suppose that this column will be new, even to many of our oldest readers; still and all, just to get into the news and to let the rest of the Corps know that we are still in the United States (this really isn't considered foreign duty), we intend to have our little bit printed each month from now on, henceforth, and all that.

The Marine Detachment at the Rifle Range, Cape May, New Jersey, was organized at the Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on 1 May, this year. We have a detachment of twenty-five enlisted men and four officers. Capt. A. T. Lewis, who has just returned from a sojourn with the Civilian Conservation Corps up in Massachusetts, is our skipper. First Lt. John D. Blanchard is the executive officer and is captain of the rifle team. By the way, I suppose that you read in this issue where the

Philly team broke the range record at Annapolis.

During the first few days of our stay here, things were not so kosher; but after our supplies arrived and the men pitched in and got the place shipshape, we have been rather comfortable. Right now we have excellent quarters and a mess of no mean proportions! The liberty isn't anything to brag about right now, but we look forward to the arrival of the annual crop of summer tourists.

There is a large dirigible hangar here, and it took us several weeks to discover just what it was for. Now, having watched this year's crop of "Jersey Skeeters" pass from infancy to maturity, we begin to understand.

The acting top kick has been awarded the coveted "Range-Dummy" medal. He won this distinction for his ability to shoot curves with the service rifle. In fact, at the Annapolis match, he curved several shots clear over to another man's target. He says that he realizes that he lacks control, but that ten or twelve years more of practice will enable him to call his shots thus: "A pretzel twist around Number Six, in the black on Number Twenty for my first shot for record!"

And now, since everything seems to be cool, calm and collected on the Delaware, we shall dash back to the grind, so that there will be some real news for next month's issue.

HINGHAM SALVOS

The title of this column will remain the same after a straw vote on a change, however, Obie K. Bridgers will be awarded the

gratis copy of THE LEATHERNECK for Winchelling a bit of news for publication.

The first range detail departed for Wakefield and from all indications they will all be coming back Experts. I wonder if Morton will endeavor to find out whether his hand has gained any weight since the time he weighed same in the galley. Writing about weight, it has come to my attention that Wallace must be trying to deceive a weight guesser since he stops at so many penny scales and tries to get his weight, free. I've heard that Lawson has been disclosing a secret method of defrauding the scales to the extent of getting two weights for the price of one.

Sullivan has been doing so well on the house painting job at home that he has been elected for repainting the interior wood work. I trust that our police sergeant will take note of all these qualifications.

Second Lt. P. Drake departed for Quantico on temporary duty with the Rifle Team and we are all looking forward to his return with a few trophies. That goes for Cpl. Waldo A. Phinney and Pfc. Melvin Lee, too, who are also representing this post in the matches.

Recent joinings were Corporal Brozowski from Newport, R. I., Corporal Gould from U.S.S. Idaho, Corporal Riggs from Portsmouth, N. H., and Private Gainer from Boston. Corporal Stone also joined us from Boston after being away from Hingham about six months. Brozowski served at Hingham a number of years ago also. These

(Continued on page 36)



Post Band, Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China.

Happy New Year Hall, Temple of Heaven.

Photo by Louis Tager





GUAM GENERALITIES

Once again the voice of the Marine Detachment, Guam, reaches the Editor of THE LEATHERNECK and whispers that the Detachment consisting of nine officers and one hundred twenty-six enlisted are enjoying life among the palms, betel nut and deep blue Pacific.

The USS. *Gold Star* has just returned from one of the famous health trips to China, Japan, points east, and west. Everybody is eligible for one of these trips after one year in Guam and very few do a tour without taking advantage of this sight seeing trip to the Orient. Major R. W. Voeth, our commanding officer, made this last cruise, and while he expressed himself as having enjoyed it very much, it is rumored that the Garden Gem of the Pacific looked very good to him. Capt. E. J. Mund, our Post Quartermaster, assumed command during the absence of Major Voeth.

The Navy baseball team won the Guam League championship by taking three out of five games from Education. The Marine team finished the season one place out of the cellar but—next season—that will be something else again. The plan under consideration at the present is to have one All-Service team, one team composed of civilians, and the Department of Education. The heavy hitters of the Marines are getting their batting eyes in shape, Bridges, Evans, Baird, and Mr. Klingenhagen are now hitting them way past pitchers' box and before the season is very far along it is expected they will be hitting to deep short. Dennis is limbering up the old soup bone and will probably be one of the mainstays of the pitching staff. Dyer is managing one of the prospective queens of the Guam Fair to keep his hand in managerial duties and the experience should be invaluable.

Guam, not to be outdone by Chicago, is having its own Century of Progress Exposition, and, what with Carabao races, parades and beauty contests, it certainly looks like a success. The race for Queen of the Guam Fair is hotly contested. Dyer claims his candidate will win in a walk. When properly introduced we may be con-

vinced that we should cast our votes for her but, until then, nix.

Dennis, the taxi magnate, offered his fleet of cabs for the campaign but withdrew the offer under pressure.

Russell, our liberty hound and pool shark, is campaigning for one of the gals at the Race Track, and wanted to use the new liberty bus for stump speeches but someone mentioned Cascao and Russell went into retirement.

The Eagle whimpered on the 31st and an attempt was made to place a special duty sergeant on watch. Howell was approached and, as his election as commissioner of Sumay is a foregone conclusion, our troubles seemed ended. The phone rings and the voice of Howell is heard; "The bake oven has collapsed and it will take two weeks to repair it. I believe Tex Higdon and Bob Halsey had something to do with it. I won't be able to stand that watch." The police Sergeant came by as we were on our way to the padded cell, and before he had time to invent a plausible excuse Martin was given the duty. We will get Howell yet because he has extended his enlistment for two years and the bake oven can't fall in every week. A new oil burning bake oven has been ordered from the States and when that gets in operation Howell will have to crawl under the bunk.

Nicholson has lost his appetite for chicken dinners and all because he is a good shot with a 22 rifle. Evans seemed well satisfied with the bargain he got, but then he only paid for one, eh Nick.

Wooten, our Chinese songbird, left for the States on the *Henderson* after forty odd months in the Asiatics.

We have a hand-made Golf Course and a hand-made swimming beach. One hundred and fifty tons of fine sand was spread out at the old Aviation Landing by the Marines and for the Marines. Malibu has nothing on this beach and it is expected that Sumay will be as popular (after the Queen contest).

Ben Cook is looking very down hearted these days and all because some of the local doctors practiced a little illegal face-lifting. Tex Higdon held a clinic one night but the volume of business was

so great he couldn't handle it alone, but he did make a valiant effort. He went down the next morning to see some of the patients; but the operation must have been a success as no one made any complaints.

Four piano cases arrived on the SS *Stanley Dollar* last trip, and Crouse, our local strong man, took charge of them himself. He is just a growing boy and would be very tall except that he has so much turned under.

Nettle, co-owner of the 19th hole, has heard the song of the South Seas and has applied for transfer to Honolulu.

"Joe" Joseph the "Fighting Pharmacist's Mate" was observed behind the sick bay tying one hand behind his back and shadow boxing. There must be a reason, or who stole Joe's beer? Maybe Joe is still waiting for Fine to make a lead.

Sergeant Townsend and Corporal Brandt have been chosen to represent Guam in the Asiatic Division rifle matches. Who said First Gold? But we're hoping.

The barracks and buildings have all been painted, the deck of the barracks waxed, bunks painted and new double steel lockers issued. Guam has taken on the appearance of a real military post. And, oh! yes, almost forgot, the Commandant is expected to hold his annual inspection next Saturday.

Haiti

BOWEN FIELD

By Thomas Swift

Phew! We hope we never have another month like the last one. Certainly glad these war games are few and far between. The Sikorsky had more hours piled up this month than any other three put together. Kaltenback, Rosenburg, and Sherwin barely had time to run a rag over the ship or squeeze a bit of grease into the rockers between flights. Wouldn't be a bad idea if they just stood by and as the ship came through, do the cleaning on the fly.

A lot of old reunions were made when



Saturday Morning Review, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

the planes from Quantico arrived. The most prominent one was between Scotty Paisley and Gy-Sgt. Lillie. I still think the chief reason for Lillie coming down was to eat some of that famous Paisley macaroni.

One of the squadron's Fords developed motor trouble and in order not to delay the flight the motor was pulled and Winchester, Jones, Glanzer, Bourque, and Pittman were given the job of overhauling. They worked till the wee hours of the morning and as their reward, a letter of commendation from the Commanding General was placed in their service record books.

The squadron stayed here three days before proceeding to San Juan. This gave them time to make all repairs necessary and make their plans for the maneuvers. Two of our planes (SU-2s, No. 5 and No. 6) joined the squadron.

These were equipped with smoke tanks and piloted by Lieutenant Hopkins and MT. Sgt. Blackwell (Quantico). The observers and radio operators were Sergeant Bourne and Corporal Davis. For some reason or other, Corporal McMahon (one of the meeks from Quantico) didn't go with the squadron. He did all his maneuvering around Port Au Prince.

The boys have been rather quiet this month so there won't be much blabbing. They are all trying to get the dope on each other and afraid of blundering themselves.

We are wondering why Rabgunas and Geljohns have broken their long and affectionate partnership. Hmm, sounds like there's a woman in the case.

Corporal White is still trying to find out the difference between redlead and catchup. Another cruise, old man, and you will get used to this Marine Corps.

We are wondering what kind of a racket Beatty will have when he gets to the States. He won't have his horses there and of course the first prize money won't be pouring in like it has been. Last month's races must have netted him at least \$125, and that isn't bad for just a few turns around the race track.

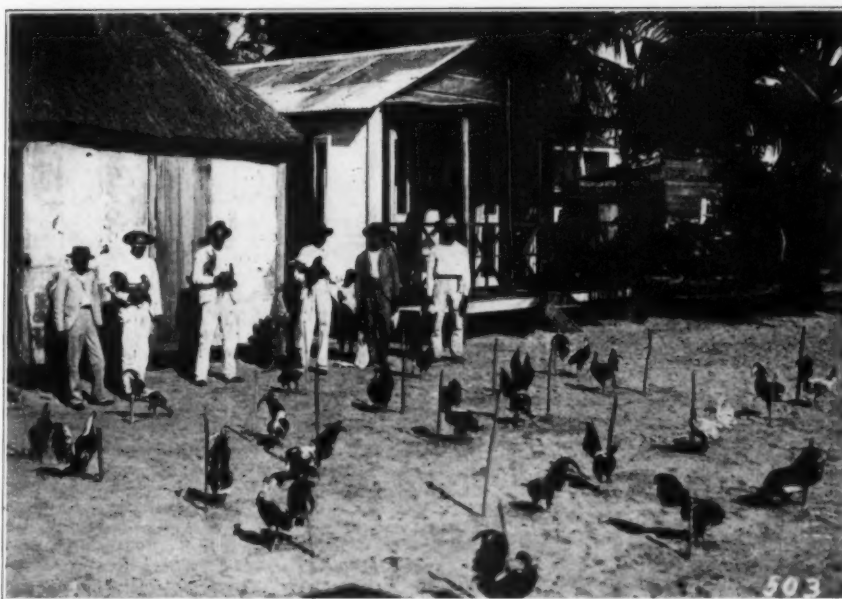
We noticed a couple of gunnery sergeants displaying more interest in horses than they had before. Better watch out, Beatty, you may have more competition next time.

Corporal Bauchman, after three weeks of loafing at the hospital, was finally kicked out and had to come back to work. He had to take things easy for the first two weeks for fear the sudden shock of doing something might prove disastrous. The doctor's orders were, "lots of exercise and early to bed." Bauchman has been giving his right arm plenty of exercise but the other order was too much for him.

Hembree (The Shadow) hasn't been doing much swishing lately. We don't know whether he lost the knack of shadowing or his creaking bones are giving his presence away. He has been doing all his swishing around the galley lately.

Children! Where art thou? This "Bon Soir" beer got the best of him this time.

We haven't decided whether the deck flew at his jaw or the jaw at the deck, but the result was the same—hospital—wired teeth. We understand he had the nurses and corpsmen on edge the first two days there. Well, it just shows you that if a man or woman wants to talk or wise-crack it takes more than wired teeth to stop them. Some of the boys say, "When he finally passes away, I'll bet he will try kidding the neighboring dead."



When Haitian Meets Haitian They Have a Cock Fight

The music isn't so bad. He at least knows his definitions. One day, while here on a visit, Sergeant asked him for the definition of a son-in-law and a mother-in-law. His reply was, "A son-in-law is the son of a brother or sister whose brother or sister is married to a person, and this person is father or mother-in-law to the son-in-law."

"Mother-in-law is supposing a man is to marry a woman who has a mother and this man has brothers and sisters, then this girl's mother is mother-in-law to this man's brother and sister."

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By "Red" & "Red"

"Red" Gislason, the boy from Minnesota, Minnesota, signalman plus, got away with another one last Wednesday, May 24th, when the good transport *Chaumont* docked at Honolulu, instead of coming in the harbor. And all is well, for the *Chaumont* brought a number of *malihinis* to replace some of our local talent which, I fear, has been here too long. Newly arrivals are: Sergeants Abromovitz, Harris, and Carrigan; Corporals Mason, Craig, Miller, and Ostrom; Private First Class Godlewski; Privates Parker, Smith, C. A., Wells, Dousa, Haskell, Howard, Kintseher, McClellan, Morgan, Smith, V. D., Young, Adams, Giles, Hinton, Jones, Looney, McKelvy, Palmer, Tichenor, Zimmerman, Haylow, Ingle, Lazaros, Servais, Chambers, Hostettler, Keen, Lundgren, Morgan, and Sullivan, M. L.

The following named men were transferred to Cavite, P. I., for general assignment, Asiatic Station, via the *Chaumont*, 25 May: Corporals Donaldson, Elliott, Hancey, Jennings, McBee; Privates First Class Armiger, Derstine and Forkel; Drummer LeBlanc; Privates Bolecky, Brown, C. P., Clark, W., Cox, C. W., Duty, Intas, Kerr, Laney, O'Quin, Poole, Tammara, Sloat, Holder and Spence.

Aloha, boys, hope you all have an enjoyable tour in the Asiatics.

The post rifle team, which is to represent this post in the Western Division Rifle and

Pistol Competitions, San Diego, this season, had a match with the Hawaiian National Guard May 20th, and the Pearl Harbor team came out victorious, winning by forty-six points. The following named officer and men compose the team: First Lieutenant Twining, team coach and captain; Sergeants Angus and Mathes; Corporals Hoenk, Rusk and Thomas; Privates First Class Eggers, Picerson and Watts, Privates Bettis and Drew.

Pfc. "Breezy" Turner was promoted to that rank recently. Turner has been elected drum-major of the post band, and he sure can do a wicked waltz, meanwhile swinging a mean baton.

Yep, the islands have got 'em. Among those who recently extended their stay in the Islands are: Sergeant Carver, Corporal Bergmann, Privates First Class Brady and Konesky; Privates Brice, Knowles and Zoncke.

Now to mention some of our "kamainas": Frank Harris, John Furman, Staff-Sergeant Purvis, "Musket" Thomas, "Sun-Kissed" Hadusek, and "Hobo" Stricklen.

"Home Run" Howard earned the homely name for himself when in one of the "shoot the ump" games he touched the old pill for a home run and sprained his ankle in the last lap. Howard made the run, but they lost a valuable member of the "dungaree league" when his ankle went on the blink.

Corporal "Cue-Ball" McLin looks sort of down and out nowadays; it might be due to the loss of his curls, too much sun, or trying to teach Ted Grimes how to shoot pool.

First Sergeant Robinson and Pfc. "Breezy" Turner are busy, or at least acting thusly, along now making preparations for the next dance, which is to be held June 6th.

JUST THIS, THAT, AND TOTHER:

PM-Sgt. Jones checking the pay rolls . . . "Ducky" Stroud, "when do I go home?" . . . "Scatter" Tomlinson almost catching a ball . . . "Ski" Konesky chaffing his newly purchased Buick . . . "Red" Knowles, post fireman super, over near the beer garden . . . John Welborn saying, "get your laundry!" . . . Adam Zoncke, swimming pool guard, doing twenty laps of the pool . . .

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THE CROSS-ROAD OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

At the time of writing the Fleet Marine Force, minus the First Battalion, have returned to Quantico from the Caribbean War and settled in the old billets. They brought back many interesting yarns of points South and of the personnel of the Force. We have it from most reliable sources that M. T. Sergeant Henry T. Connors brought back with him a very interesting little book. 'Tis said that listed in this little book are all the indiscretions on the part of the married noncommissioned officers of the Force that came to Connors' attention. It would no doubt be interesting to read, and especially interesting to some of the ladies of the post. I want half of the hush money you are given to keep this book under cover.

And you can't keep a good Marine down. It has been reported that upon his departure from the USS. *Argonne* upon completion of the maneuvers Gy-Sgt. Earl W. Garvin was presented by the Chief Petty Officers' Mess of that ship a beautifully engraved plaque certifying Garvin to be the biggest liar in the world. All of which reminds me of a trip that I took south with First Sergeant "Smoky" Woods a few years ago on board the USS. *Salinas*. However, for some mysterious reason this "certificate of honor" seems to have been lost for no one has seen it since Garvin's return to Quantico.

From the returning Caribbean warriors we also have reports on First Sergeant "Curley" Carleton in Haiti. It was reported that he cleaned up on the races while the Fleet Force was there and I understand that his winnings came in handy as some of his old friends with the Force were pretty thirsty when they hit that port.

Speaking of Haiti reminds me that First Sergeant Moberly of the USS. *Portland* Marine Detachment while here recently firing the rifle range informed me that he had received a letter from 1st Sgt. Hoke Tyson in Haiti, in which the latter first sergeant states that he understands that the Marines in Haiti are to come to Quantico for duty with the Fleet Marine Force. Tyson was seeking information relative to this organization and stated that he would like to know just how much salt water is connected with it.

Then there is the mystery of the month, —how did Staff Sergeant Mitchell of the Pay Office hurt his knee? One story has it that the car owned by Corporal Yale lurched forward and threw him into a gasoline pump. Another story is that he was cranking the car and it lurched forward and caught him with one leg behind the front bumper. Still another story is to the effect that he was pushing the car and it ran back over him. Personally, I

think there was some surprise to all concerned when the knee was found to be hurt and about all we can be sure of is that it occurred in the general vicinity of an automobile. The question of how this knee was hurt reminds me of the wool on a negro's head. It doesn't seem very deep but there are lots of kinks and curves in it.

An old friend (an ex-Marine) writes me and states that he is to be confronted with a problem in the very near future and seeks my advice. He stated that he had heard that I had been studying some of the courses offered by the Marine Corps Schools and he believed it possible that some of my newly gleaned knowledge in tactics and strategy might help him in this case. It seems from his letter that he has a girl friend in the city in which he at present lives and that a very dear girl friend from his home city is visiting him in the near future and he wonders how he should handle the situation. While I am fairly well acquainted with the terrain of the city in which the problem is to be solved I have little or no information of the enemy strength and again he failed to mention just what results he desired and to advise anyone in the matter of the tactical use of the resources at his command it is essential to know what objective he seeks. For example, it is all right to tie a figure eight in an uncertain cow's tail if you are after excitement but if you want peace and milk you will naturally approach the cow with quite different tactics. My friend failed to mention whether he wanted excitement or whether he wanted peace and m—, I beg your pardon. I am wandering from my subject. My estimate of the situation was incomplete for my information of the matter was very indefinite but I reminded him that one of the most valued rules of warfare was to try to determine the probable actions of the opposing forces in the given situation, determine what they expected of him and then do just the opposite. The element of surprise often carries with it the banner of victory. He replied that my advice sounded logical but that he was considering the advisability of introducing a third girl into the affair and making a quadrangle of it, as, for some unknown reason, he had from childhood had an obsession about triangles. He even hinted that he might marry this third one. He again sought advice. I replied that I understood that this would be an attack in three phases and that I presumed that the third girl would be introduced into the encounter as a flanking attack and with all the elements of surprise attached. I warned him however that he might be cut off from his main body (the hords of bachelors he runs with) and find himself in a hand to hand encounter with the third girl. I advised him to give this matter thorough consideration and to decide whether or not he felt qualified to survive this hand to hand encounter. I also advised him to make a study of defensive tactics should he decide

on marriage for my observation from the sidelines had indicated to me that defensive tactics are essential at such a stage of the campaign, which, by the way, is generally a long and weary one.

We discovered an exquisite little place right here in Quantico. It is the "Riverside Inn" on the street leading to the dock where one is given a cordial welcome, the beer is cold and the meals and sandwiches are pleasing to the taste. Of particular interest are the pictures hanging on the walls,—with the exception of one, all are ancient pictures and were brought to this country from Turkey. The exception is a modern one and excites my imagination, or should I say memories.

Albert's "Red Brick Annex" was recently the scene of some pre-Olympic competitions which I covered both in the capacity of your scribe and as a participant. Honors of the evening went to 1st Sgt. Leonard Atkins for his demonstration of Russian dancing, to First Sergeant Bailey for his superhuman strength and to Gunnery Sergeant Stepanof for his skill and strength in balancing chairs. Gy-Sgt. Jerry Porter did not have his shamrock with him and did not participate in the competitions. It was a party where a wagging dog's tail made no impression.

George Horace Lorimer once wrote:

"Now I know that you'll say that things have changed since I was a boy. There's nothing in it. Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials."

A married Marine recently informed me that he didn't doubt that George's Philosophy was right in some respects in that the styles then in vogue made it even easier for Adam to make a fool of himself, but that his folly cost far less than many of the follies of men since the advent of the silkworm. And again the "man about the Garden of Eden" didn't have his mind confused by blended whiskies and imitation gin. A recent bout with these two products of our "Century of Progress" with a party of old friends in Washington left me somewhat under the weather. As I lay in bed the following morning I recalled an extract from Sinclair Lewis' "He Had a Brother." Since it is quite likely that some of my comrades in distress have experienced this feeling they might appreciate Lewis' description of a hangover, as follows:

"It was the familiar morning guilt, the old-fashioned evangelical American sense of guilt, which oppressed Haddon even more than the anguish beating in his temples, the rancid taste in his mouth, the dryness of his hands. He could not escape; he had to admit that on the evening before he had again played the fool. But as long as possible he protected his aching mind from reviewing the especial sorts of idiocy he had committed, while he tried to protect

his body,—curious racked body that once had lived so peacefully and sweetly with him,—from the tortures of every light ray, every yammer of the street.”

The first time I met Sergeant McClosky after the publication of the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK he gave me a very Finnish look,—as distinguished from a look from citizens of our former Allies for I believe that Finland is the only country in the world which does not class us as “Shylocks” because we want to collect money owed us,—and said, “You ought to be in the Secret Service, you can find out so much about other people’s business.”

First Sergeant Leonard Atkins recently informed me that he had a photographic mind and that once he had passed his optics over a face that he never forgot it. I reminded him of a certain face that he had apparently forgotten but he argues that he was a youngster during the history-making days of Troy, didn’t have complete control of all his faculties and therefore unable to remember the ladies of that era; even the most famous of that time,—Helen of Troy.

I don’t know BUT I HEARD:—That a rising “King of La Gonaive” threatens the balance of power in Quantico politics; that “Mayor” Puskariich (Mister “Mike” to you) fears this competition will defeat him in the coming campaign; that Sergeant “Gyp” Ambrose has turned into a match-maker; that at the time of this writing some apprehension is felt over the curtains that “Mother” DeBoo proposes to hang in the Recreation Center; that “Blacky” Gaddis has acquired the prize dog of the year,—this dog has never been known to bark, growl, or even whine; that two days after proclaiming that his life was “an open book” Cpl. Stephen Jacobs, of Post Headquarters, was seen in the Post Recreation Center with a fair young damsel and apparently participating in “Old Home Week”; that the dances at Albert’s “Red Brick Hotel” are real treats and that the popularity of the “Red Brick Annex” is due in no small measure to the delicious pop-corn that is served with one’s beer. This pop-corn is an innovation in the fine arts of drinking beer,—you should try it sometime.

Born on 14 April, 1934, to Staff Sergeant and Mrs. Lucian J. Bowman, a daughter, Eloise Marie. Hearty congratulations!

We didn’t have any Parris Island column in THE LEATHERNECK last month. We wanted to see if anyone would miss it. Apparently no one did. So what’s the use?

This Post joined with the city of Beaufort, S. C., in holding Memorial Day exercises in the National Cemetery in Beaufort on May 30. The exercises were well attended. Even Jupiter Pluvius was present in full regalia.

Commencing Friday, June 1, and every first and third Friday from then on to and including August, our Post band will play concerts in the bandstand in Beaufort. The Beaufort Gazette gave the lads in the band a very nice write up at the close of late summer’s series of concerts, expressing the appreciation of the people of Beaufort and the surrounding territory for the enjoyable entertainment.

However, the frequent visits that Jack Rauhoff has been making to Beaufort have little, if anything, to do with the concerts. We’re glad for your sake that she’s back again, Jack. You look years younger!

Parris Island is busy preparing for the Southeastern Division Rifle and Pistol Competitions to be held here during the week beginning June 11. Competitors from Charleston and Pensacola have arrived and have been assigned to the Rifle Range Detachment for the period from May 28 to June 15 except in cases of emergency. Wow! Can’t even get a leave to dodge pulling targets! Captain E. L. Mullaly is range officer now, relieving vice Captain Presnell, who was transferred to Washington. Marine Gunner J. C. Vaughn, who recently reported in from Guam, is his assistant.

Sergeant Isom H. Elswick, who was a familiar figure around the Post Quartermaster’s Office, has been transferred to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for duty with the 21st Marine Reserve Artillery. We feel certain that he will be pleased with his new assignment.

1st Lt. R. G. Hunt left for his new sta-

tion at Guantanamo Bay via Key West and Havana, driving his own automobile. Boy, whatta trip!

Admiral W. H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, and Rear Admiral E. J. King, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, visited us on May 18 and inspected the various activities of the Post. The new Aviation Field was no doubt the center of interest, for Major Roy S. Geiger, the head of Marine Corps aviation, was on hand.

Not many days later, the Post was again inspected, by the Marine Corps Quartermaster, Brigadier General Hugh Matthews. And now we are waiting for that big annual event—the A. and I.’s inspection. Betcha dollars to doughnuts that we lay our heavies out on the field for him!

Since our reliable weather man, Doctor Johannes K. P. Hoffman, was taken from us several years ago, the weather has gotten out of control. The Doctor was controlling the weather in Haiti after he left here, and we have been given to understand that he was doing a mighty good piece of work of it, keeping the place quite wet, with only a moderate amount of rainfall.

Chief Quartermaster Clerk Harry S. Young, who was transferred here from Marine Corps Headquarters as the relief of Quartermaster Clerk L. Ledoux, and who took over the duties of the assistant post adjutant, post farm officer, secretary-treasurer of the local chapter of the Navy Relief Society, member of the promotion board, and secretary and treasurer of the Medical Aid Association, not only has the situation well in hand, but has temporarily taken over a few more jobs in the absence of 1st Lt. W. R. Hughes, who is on leave. Reckon he doesn’t find time hanging too heavily on his hands at this Post.

Capt. Alfred Dickerson, who has returned to civilization after a hitch with the C.C.C., is now skipper of Headquarters and Headquarters Company. During Maj. G. W. Van Hoose’s leave of absence this month, he will be acting Post Exchange Officer. Captain Dickerson has received a letter of commen-



Landing Force Drill



Company 13, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Jones, Corporal Hollingsworth and Corporal Courtney

dation from the Army for his work with the C.C.C.

Gunnery Sgt. James P. Drummond has returned from a temporary tour of duty with the Second Battalion of the Fleet Marine Force, aboard the U.S.S. *Antares*. He was back here just long enough to finish painting the interior of his quarters when he received orders to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, for duty.

Corporals James T. Elliott and Marshal Petry have left for a short tour of duty in Haiti. It can't be long now, with the scheduled withdrawal of all Marines from Haiti planned for this Fall.

Chief Marine Gunner Alvin Anderson left here on leave of absence until September 1, when he will be placed on the retired list. A parade and review were held in his honor, with Brigadier General Berkeley and himself as the reviewing officers. His many friends wish for him many long years of rest and happiness in his well-earned retirement.

The Intra-Post Playground Baseball League schedule has reached its third month with the Headquarters and Headquarters Company team in the lead. The standings of the teams are presented herewith:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Headquarters and Headquarters Co. | 713 |
| Island Patrol | 643 |
| Music School | 500 |
| Service Company | 445 |

Our new swimming pool is a popular spot these warm days. The pool has been fitted out for water polo, and we hear that several inquiries have come in regarding the availability of inflated rubber hoses that are polo-broke. All the recruits use the pool at scheduled hours, and excellent instructors have been provided for them.

The new paved short-cut between the Post Exchange Garage and the Water Softening Plant is now open to traffic.

The Old Receiving Barracks are being opened once again—after all this time—but not for recruits. The Boy Scouts from Savannah and vicinity who will spend several weeks with us again will be quartered there during their visit. It is an ideal location for a camp of this sort.

The Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club held a real party on the evening of May 29th, hardly a member being absent. Refreshments were served all evening, and everyone was satisfied. During the evening the Club was visited by General Matthews, General Berkeley, and his Staff and Captain Peter, who had been invited to attend.

Since our last write-up the Club has

undergone several changes in officials. First Sergeant Carl Schuler took over the job of steward as of June 1, with Sergeant Arthur P. Jones as his assistant. Staff Sergeant Theodore relieved QM Sergeant L. O. Miller as Secretary-Treasurer upon the latter's transfer to the Reserve on 1 May.

PLATOON ELEVEN SOUNDS OFF

By Ed W. Stone, Jr.

Sixty-four rip-snorting, rough and ready men, rarin' to go, bound together for one purpose—that of helping to uphold the high standard of that finest of military organizations, the United States Marine Corps; that's Platoon Eleven!

Through Boot Camp we had our share of heat and sand fleas, seasoned with a dash of "Heavies." Shorn by the post barber (we wonder, seeing that word written, whether the words "barber" and "barbarian" might not have had the same origin), shaken on the range, jostled and disjointed on the snapping-in line by our good friend, Sergeant Pifel, assisted by his ally, Corporal Grundie, we have emerged an efficient military unit. We tick, as a unit, like a full-jeweled watch—and why not? After all, haven't we the best pair of D. I.'s that ever whipped a bunch of boots into shape? Sergeant Hutson and Corporal Bolan deserve a lot of credit for the work they have done on this outfit. We owe them a debt that we can never repay.

What was that crack from the far corner? We're a bunch of wind bags, huh? Well, let me tell you all something. We

have something to be windy about. We are champions, all! From the dopes to the self-appointed majors and the Musics who are omniscient in the matter of military science and tactics, each is the best in his class.

While we are on the subject, we might as well let the rest of the world become acquainted with some of our more outstanding characters. After all, who are we to deprive humanity of that privilege?

To Pvt. E. S. Hanlon goes the distinction of being farthest from home. The Goon hails from Idyho. To Greaseball Grebush is awarded the beaver-lined mess kit for his dauntless spirit which was displayed to such advantage on the snapping-in line. We might mention the fact at this point that we have more than our share of Wimpys—Guys who would gladly "pay you when we get to the barracks for a cigarette now."

Private Kwiatkowski has the distinction of having the longest name in the platoon. To the casual cogitator, that would appear a handicap in the matter of mail, but such is far from being the case. His volume of fan-mail is terrific. How come?

Private Weaver's claim to fame is his physiognomy. There is a current rumor that he was recruited for the sole purpose of doubling for Sergeant Major Jiggs for the newsreels. Mebbysso.

We regret that limited space forbids our telling you about all the distinguished men in our midst, but you will run across them out in the service sometime. And you should have something in the way of a surprise waiting for you—else what's there to live for?

See y'all in China, or something.

West Coast Chronicles

San Diego, Calif., June 6th.—Brigadier General Frederick L. Bradman will arrive in San Diego on 7 June to resume command of Marine Corps Base. General Bradman and Family are returning from Shanghai, China, aboard the S.S. *President Coolidge*. Since the General's departure on 25 March, Col. Rush R. Wallace has been in command of Marine Corps Base, except during Colonel Wallace's 20-day leave, when Col. Benjamin S. Berry performed duties as commanding officer.

Capt. E. A. Craig, former commanding officer Base Headquarters Company, has been assigned Executive Officer, Base Troops, also additional duties as observer and advisor to the 25th Battalion Marine Reserve. This Marine Reserve Battalion will be transferred from Los Angeles to the Marine Corps Base and to active duty on 10 June. The 25th Battalion is scheduled to be here at the Base for about two weeks, in training, and then transferred back to Los Angeles. It is estimated that there will be about ten

Reserve Officers and not more than 165 Reserve enlisted men to come down for this training period.

Capt. L. G. Wayt, who joined the Base on 10 May from Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., relieved Captain Craig as commanding officer Base Headquarters Company.

Marines still parade! Under the command of Capt. L. G. Wayt, three companies from the Base made a splendid showing during the Decoration Day Parade in San Diego. Judging by the many thousands crowded along the streets viewing the parade on Decoration Day, it is easily seen that San Diego's population really loves a parade. The San Diego Municipal Band led the parade and the three companies of Marines were second. As usual, the Marines did their best to make a better impression than the Army and Navy. Just to make sure that our part in the parade would be perfect, there was a rehearsal out at the Base on the day preceding the parade. The parade turned out to be one of the best and by 11:30 A. M. we were all back to the Base and turned loose on liberty for the rest of the day.

The First Separate Battery returned to the Marine Corps Base on 31 May after maneuvers aboard the U.S.S. *Holland*. The men from the Battery were really glad to get back to the Base, even though their stories about Panama and other liberty stops should tend to make them want to stay longer. There were a number of recent newly enlisted men who had the pleasure to make this little cruise with the Battery, giving them the chance to see and learn lots about the Marine Corps and Navy. The Battery had exceptionally good quarters while aboard the *Holland*—good beds to sleep on and plenty room, also the chow was complimented by the men very highly.

The Battery stayed away from the Base almost three months, and I mean the men at the Base were even more glad to see them get back than perhaps they were glad to get back, because their help with duties at the Base is absolutely essential now that so many have been transferred. The Base has been so short handed for the last few months, making plenty work for everybody.

There seems to be a shortage of privates in the Base, because the transfer clerk, 1st Sgt. Burnham has too many calls from other posts for privates. The Recruit Depot will soon remedy that situation. About 110 will be shipped in during June and probably many more during the next few months.

The swimming season has just opened up in San Diego and it is hard for the Post Exchange to keep a supply of swimming suits. Most all Marines have a good coat of tan started already. The beaches are fine and the Pacific seems to be warmer this season than last, so we are looking forward to many happy hours on San Diego's benches.

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

The aquatic feat of Senor Vallejo's prize mare not only established her reputation as an amphibian, but introduced Mare Island as a prominent geographical feature of the San Francisco Bay Area.

Not all Marines know the story of this struggle for life on the part of Vallejo's mare; how she swam from an overturned ferry, which was transporting her to the mainland, and successfully reached the shores of our island since named Mare Island. But they do know that Mare Island has been a haven for thousands of Marines returning from foreign service; they do know that our red tiled roofs have housed many more des-



8th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sergeant Karynaske, Sergeant Currier and Corporal Hays.

tinued for service at distant posts in the Far East and in the tropics.

Not to mention just a few of the better known characters who have recently stopped over here would be a distinct omission. Our news letter would be rather incomplete. And in way of introducing: The arrival of the U.S.S. *Henderson* from the Far East in April increased our complement considerably. Among the China hands were Sergeants Major Doll and Harrmann, Corporals Swank and Allard, and last but (to use a hackneyed phrase) not least, "Tiny" Pfc. Bartlett. Bartlett was among those who boarded at Cavite in the Islands, although he is remembered as an old China hand before he went to the Philippines to play baseball.

Very shortly after Corporals Swank and Allard arrived, they were presented with Yangtze Service Medals for service with the Fourth Marines at Shanghai, China. They also were recipients of golden miniature Rugby balls which had been forwarded from an appreciative regiment. Both Swank and Allard played stellar rugby for the Fourth Marines in many of their contests with the various foreign military units stationed in the Orient.

Bartlett's arrival so soon before the formation of the Mare Island Baseball Team was opportune, and Captain Fenton lost no time in securing him for the pitching staff. Captain Fenton by the way is responsible for the welfare of our team, and has done much to whip it into a creditable representation. Many of those who were here a few years ago, remember that Skipper Fenton always had a real baseball nine. The work of the team so far has been excellent as witness the following averages:

| BATTING AVERAGES AND FIELDING AVERAGES | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------------|-----|----|----|-----|---|-----|----|----|----|----|-----|---|------|
| | ab | r | h | 23 | 4 | tb | bb | sb | sh | so | hpb | g | ave. |
| A. Moore, of..... | 31 | 9 | 15 | 10 | 2 | 22 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 7 | .484 |
| L. Moore, of..... | 26 | 8 | 10 | 00 | 1 | 13 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 6 | .385 |
| Haney, of..... | 20 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 0 | 8 | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 6 | .350 |
| Taylor, of..... | 3 | 0 | 1 | 00 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | .333 |
| Hriszko, 3b. | 26 | 12 | 8 | 21 | 0 | 12 | 9 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 7 | .307 |
| Schmitt, 2b. | 23 | 5 | 7 | 10 | 0 | 8 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 6 | .304 |
| Holmdale, c..... | 27 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 1 | 12 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 7 | .296 |
| Scales, ut..... | 16 | 3 | 4 | 00 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 4 | .250 |
| Gilbert, of..... | 4 | 1 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 | .250 |
| Kimball, p..... | 13 | 2 | 3 | 10 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 4 | .231 |
| Bartlett, p..... | 14 | 3 | 3 | 10 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 | 4 | .214 |
| Dohr, ss..... | 19 | 2 | 4 | 10 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 6 | .211 |
| Timmerman, 1b..... | 27 | 3 | 4 | 10 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 7 | .146 |
| Donart, of..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 00 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Lee, ut..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 00 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | .000 |
| | 249 | 58 | 75 | 111 | 5 | 104 | 35 | 10 | 7 | 36 | 3 | 7 | .301 |

The constant inter-post transfers since the arrival of the U.S.S. *Henderson* were further added to by the departure of the U.S.S. *Chaumont* from our shores on the 12th of May, and we are prone to reconsider the pointed phrase "Here today, gone tomorrow,"

row." Among those who departed for Hawaii and the Far East were Sergeants Lavondovski and MacLean bound for Guam, while Corporal Otto T. Miller, late of Peiping renown, was slated for Pearl Harbor close to the famous beach of Waikiki.

On the 15th day of May Sergeant Major Charles W. Harrmann was transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, having completed sixteen years' continuous service in the Marine Corps. Harrmann has an enviable service record dating from the entry of the United States in the World War to the date of his transfer to the Reserve. Many of his friends remember him as "Beef" Harrmann in contrast to his brother, "Ham" Harrmann, also a Marine Sergeant Major. Sergeant Major Harrmann recently returned from duty with the Fourth Marines at Shanghai, China, where he had served as Third Battalion Sergeant Major until ordered home. We congratulate Sergeant Major Harrmann upon his long and faithful service and wish him success in civic pursuits.

The following day yet another, Sgt. Jacob M. Gussaroff, was transferred to the Reserve having completed sixteen years' service in the Marine Corps. Gussaroff had recently returned from service in China also, and has seen considerable service throughout the tropics. Sergeant Gussaroff has been accorded our best wishes for his future.

The United States Army Transport *Republic* sailed from San Francisco, California, bearing five of our non-commissioned officers for duty in the Hawaiian Islands. They left on the 25th of May and it is hoped that by this printing they are settled comfortably in their new posts and enjoying the pleasures of a warm Hawaiian sun. Sergeant Bis-

singer, who had lately been occupying a desk in the office of the Post Sergeant Major, was among those five. His theme song just prior to departure was "Little Grass Shack," or something.

(Continued on page 34)

Miscellany

BARNETT MEMORIAL TABLET UNVEILED

More than 700 friends of the late Maj. Gen. George Barnett, commandant of the Marine Corps during the World War, attended an impressive service in his memory in the Great Choir of Washington Cathedral June 8.

The occasion was the unveiling of a bronze tablet of the war-time leader in the south crypt of the Cathedral structure.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt represented the President at the ceremony. She was accompanied by Mrs. Henry L. Roosevelt, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Scores of officers and men who had served under General Barnett occupied chairs near the chancel rail, and details of Marine Corps guardsmen were stationed in the chapels and crypts during the sacred program.

The Marine Band Orchestra, with Capt.

Taylor Branson conducting, played the prelude and the postlude.

Entering the main body of the church from the north Transept, the procession of clergy and chorists marched to the hymn, "The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done." The service was read by the Rev. Dr. G. Freeland Peter, canon and chancellor of Washington Cathedral, and the Rev. Edwin Niver, a Marine Corps chaplain at Quantico during the World War.

The Right Rev. James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington, accepted the tablet on behalf of the chapter of Washington Cathedral.

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell gave the first memorial address.

"It is my privilege," he said, "to speak for that host of friends and admirers who conceived the idea and have made possible the placing in this house of God of a me-

morial to remind those who come after us of the virtues and qualities of a truly great man.

"General Barnett served his country for nearly half a century. During his career from midshipman to major general commandant his progress was steady and his duties varied, carrying him in various capacities to the four corners of the earth. When selected to command the Marine Corps, he brought to that office his own inherent qualifications ripened by the experience gained during this service. How well he fitted himself can best be illustrated by the accomplishments of the Marine Corps under his administration. It can be truly said that when the test came he and his corps met it successfully, brilliantly and patriotically.

"He was a courteous, kindly, considerate and unselfish gentleman and possessed that rare quality known as personal magnetism. He was not only a great leader—he was a beloved leader."

Bishop Freeman then paid tribute to General Barnett as an American, a Christian churchman and a friend, praising his "chivalrous and courtly manner," his "gracious thoughtfulness of others" and "his loyalty and devotion to his country and his men."

He urged the need to commemorate such leaders and cited them as examples to be held up to the young. In closing he eulogized the "constabulary of the sea" as "preservers of the peace and guardians of America's shore."

Mrs. Barnett, widow of the commandant, was escorted by Maj. Gen. Russell to her place in the Cathedral. With her came her son, Capt. Basil Gordon; her daughter, Mrs. Henry Suydam, and her grandsons, Henry Suydam, Jr., and Gordon Dickey.

Brig. Gen. George Richards and Col. J. C. Sanderson were in charge of arrangements for the service.

The memorial tablet was designed by Augustus Lukeman, sculptor, New York. It depicts General Barnett in dress uniform and bears a brief inscription describing his career.

HARMONICA CHAMPIONSHIP UNSETTLED

By D. M. H.

As might have been expected a board of three judges representing the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, failed to arrive at a decision as to which outfit, the Navy or the Marine Corps, boast the champion harmonica player. Personally, there is no doubt in my mind, but then as voting seemed to be on strictly party lines, I may be somewhat prejudiced.

As you may know, the contest was held Wednesday, June 13, in connection with the weekly Byrd Exposition Broadcast at 9:00 p. m. (E.S.T.). By the way, what was the time in Little America? It seems that the Marine representative on the expedition, Cpl. Alphonso Carbone, who, when not performing on the harmonica puts in his spare time as a cook, heard that the Fleet had arrived in New York and challenged the Navy, via radio, to bring on their best harmonica artist for a free-for-all.

The Navy, probably after extensive eliminations, brought out a Bill Halsley, or somethin' like that, as their man. The Navy led off, and that boy CAN play the harmonica. When contact was established with Little America, information was forthcoming that Carbone had practically neglected his cooking and starved the other members of the expedition while he trained



Photo by L. Joliden, "Washington Post"

MEMORIAL TABLET HONORING MAJOR GENERAL BARNETT

The Color Detail, left to right: Corporal Moeger, Sergeant Washington, Sergeant Livermore, and Corporal T. Konopa.

on a diet of seal meat. Possibly the seal is a musical animal, though my impression had been that harmonica playing among the lower order of vertebrates was mainly restricted to elephants. Be that as it may, Carbone performed like a master, and his "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," and "Marines' Hymn," coming through ten thousand miles of space, would have won him the championship from any fair, impartial board of judges composed solely of Marines.

Halsley received a ten dollar prize in cash, while Carbone gets the same amount upon his return to the States—How about the interest for two years? In addition, Carbone received a purse made up at Little America consisting of one dollar and fifty-four cents in money and various nick-nacks.

All in all it was a fine program and congratulations are extended to both contestants, the National Broadcasting Co., the program sponsors, and the board of judges—principally for their strict adherence to party lines.

THE UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

By L. J. W.



H. H. FLOREA
Drum Major, U. S. Marine Band

"The President's Own." Seventy-four strong. What a thrill to hear them! What an inspiration to see them! The Marine Band is one of the largest in the country; and no superior is acknowledged. And it is the oldest military band in the history of our country. The general popularity of the band increases daily, and their "Shut In" hour on the radio is recognized as one of the classics of ether entertainment. The "Marines' Hymn" used to be known only in the select circle of the Marine Corps, but as the theme song of the famous band, one hears it wherever he goes. Captain Taylor Branson, the leader, receives as many as a thousand letters a month from an enthusiastic radio audience. Not long ago one came from Egypt. A British Army sergeant major (no mean rank in 'Is Majesty's Service) came in from a long trek, tired and hungry. He tuned in on the short-wave, and what he heard prompted his letter of appreciation to Captain Branson.

The personnel of the band comprises old timers with hash marks all the way up to here, and members of bands from other posts, graduated into the major organization. They all seem to enjoy the exalted status, and even the long hours. Little time is left for personal affairs. For instance, during the month of July, seventeen concerts are already scheduled, all in addition to the

regular radio broadcasts. And some Marines grouse at one on and three off. The outdoor season is now on, and for the first concert, Monday, June 4, some three hundred Washingtonians seated themselves in the compound of the barracks to enjoy the program. Incidentally, if you have been following the Tuesday morning broadcast, try tuning in on Friday mornings from ten to eleven o'clock. The hour has been changed for the summer.

And now for some of the more intimate glimpses: Luis Guzman has the musical world applauding his compositions and musical arrangements, not to mention his piano solos. Wilbur Kieffer's selections on the vibraphone are worth paying dollars to hear, but are free to the music lovers of the Capital.

Members of the Marine Band are not

noted for only their musical accomplishments. The guardian of the Band's property is Joseph "Paddy" Doyle, who lets his campaign bars speak for themselves: Purple Heart; Croix de Guerre; Victory; Vera Cruz, etc. Two of the better bowlers are Douse and Seitz. Schaefer is the outstanding baseball player. He cavorts about in the outer garden of the Post Team.

Too many of the bandmen are golfers so the unit was forced to enter two teams in the Marine Corps Golf Tournament. It is a six-team league, made up of two teams from the Marine Band, Quartermaster, Commandant, Paymaster, and Adjutant. At the end of the fifth week of play, Team No. 1 of the Band was in first place, the other in third. Members of No. 1 are: Bodnar, Hall, Hess, and White. No. 2, Cicchese, Furringer, Viner, and Lindsay.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

H.Q.CO. 2ND BN., 19TH RESERVE MARINES

Though small in size, Headquarters Company has been active. Sgt. Diedrich W. Schulz has reenlisted. Joseph J. Gialanella has enlisted. He just recently completed 4 years in the Reserve. Pfc. Leo Mandell has been transferred to Company "E." Joseph B. Fronapfel is now company clerk and has been promoted to Corporal. Clifford A. Fronapfel is now a first class private. The Fronapfels are brothers and speak for what that family think of the 19th.

We are only authorized to take 7 men to camp this year and here they are: Sgt. Major Chester F. Mattia, Supply Sgt. Morris Friedman, Sgt. Diedrich W. Schulz, Cpl. Joseph B. Fronapfel, Pfc. Clifford A. Fronapfel, Pvt. Harry N. Brady, and Pvt. Joseph J. Gialanella.

Headquarters Company rates a field music and would very much like to secure a good one. If any reader can direct a first-class field music our way he will be doing a favor both to the Reserve and to the Music, as we need him and he needs us.

All aboard for Sea Girt!

BUCKEYE MARINES

By Vic Taylor

With news dripping from our typewriter, we again apply it to this column for all and sundry to read and do with as they feel it deserves. Company "F," 2nd Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines of Toledo, Ohio, has weathered the last month and emerged with flying colors.

On May 8, Company "F" acted as honor escort to Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, USMC (ret.), who spoke at a meeting of the D.A.V. at the Armory building that evening.

Our company received a commendation for its services as Military Police during the district convention of the American Legion at Maumee, Ohio, May 12-13.

The first of our Field Days took place at Camp Perry, Ohio, on Sunday, May 17, at which time the entire company went through its paces of pup-tent pitching, pack rolling and rifle marksmanship. We expect to have this opportunity several times again before camp and believe the experience gained, well worth the trip there. The company has blossomed out in summer ser-

vico khaki and it looks and feels like old times.

A number of the men have gone back to their summer jobs of hustling ice to get in shape for the rifle and pack ordeals we have each summer.

The men are getting their mess gear shined up, and some of the more vicious chow-hounds are talking of taking two and three quart pails for their share of slum. This has been discouraged as being a bad example for the recruits and that much more gear to clean each time, which is always the sore spot with the men.

Cpl. James (Smoke) Young, Privates Proper, Christie and Curtis are expected home from the C.C.C. in the near future and will be at camp with us this year as will a number of other old-timers who have been working out of the city. We expect a lot of weird tales from these woodpeckers as to their experience in the outdoors.

Here's looking forward to another bang-up camp this summer at Great Lakes and meeting old friends and buddies in the other companies of the 24th Reserve Marines.

THE LUCKY BAG

2nd Bn., 19th Reserve Marines,
853 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
(NEW JERSEY MARINES)

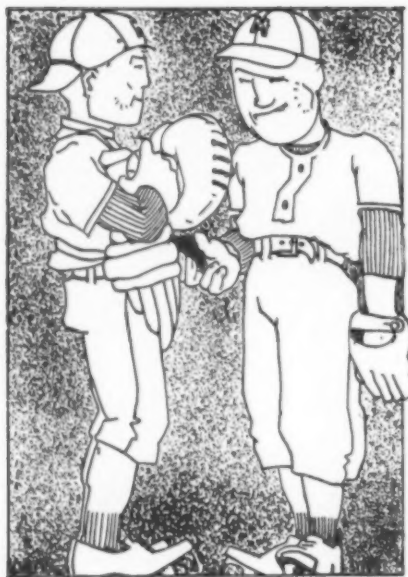
On May Day while the "reds" were staging their parades and carrying banners stating they would not fight for the good old U. S. A., here at Headquarters we were swamped with recruits. Evidently the youth of America are just as patriotic as ever and more eager than ever to become Marines.

All new men are advised that we cannot accept them unless they will be able to attend the scheduled drills. Old members have been informed that they must make arrangements to come to drills regularly or we must transfer them to the Eastern Reserve Area.

Captain Sheeley writes from Bremerton, Washington, of his application to go to camp with us. New Jersey's Marines seem to have a lure that stretches some distance and costs money to satisfy, as Captain Sheeley would not be allowed travelling expenses if he attended camp.

On May 3rd the officers of this Battalion attended a meeting held at Regimental Headquarters, New York City. Lieutenant Colonel Rorke gave final directions and orders as regards the camp and promised that

(Continued on page 33)



HN echo of the past, a somewhat faint one at the present time, of course, but nevertheless a definite echo will resound at Quantico this coming baseball season, when the newly-uniformed Quantico Marines step out on the pretentious



Post Field that has been remodeled and carefully groomed for the occasion. Owing to the fact that the team failed to organize at an early period, due solely to the instability of the situation and the indefinite status of many of the outstanding athletes who have been stationed at the Virginia Post at various intervals, the schedule will not include prominent universities and colleges as in the past. However, under the expert guidance of Captain Max Cox, former Marine Corps baseball luminary, the Quantico Marines are fast whipping into shape as the most aggressive and alert team that has represented the Post in recent seasons.

This means that Marines who formerly spent their week-ends in the rousing centers of Fredericksburg and Washington, D. C., will be sitting in the grandstand watching their favorites do battle with a galaxy of high class semi-pro outfits, to be carefully selected by the management. This schedule, without the least doubt, will bring to Quantico several highly touted aggregations, and it remains to be seen just what sort of competitive strength lies in the young men who will bear the colors of the Corps into battle.

The fact has been definitely asserted, after considerable weeding by Captain Cox, that a full squad of approximately eighteen men will be carried on the roster. At the present time the candidates line up in the following manner:

Slusser, 1b; Winger, 2b; Morris, ss; Jenkins, 3b; Gann, cf; Applewhite, lf; Ancrum, rf. This is the tentative lineup that seems almost certain to start the sea-

SPORTS

QUANTICO MARINES RE-ORGANIZE TO DOMINATE BASEBALL ONCE MORE

By Phil Haensler



son on Sunday, June 3rd, when the stentorian "play ball!" will be proclaimed to a capacity crowd at the Post Field. Promising candidates attempting

to "crash" through the solid works of the infield at the present time include, Barnett, "Doc" Goan, star third-baseman of the Second Battalion Marines, the team that compiled a formidable record in Cuban waters during the maneuvers; Rippy, hard swatting stickler, a one time Managua star, when he served in the tropics; Haensler, another Fleet Marine veteran; Bryant, Buck Freeman, another Beantown recruit; "Vic" Varconi, flashy shortstop, who had the misfortune to crack up when he slipped in shoddy footing trying to field a hard-hit ball, and is on the sidelines at the present time.

An impressive array of mound artists will see service with the Marine team including such distinguished hill performers as "Big Joe" Wheller, another suntanned Leatherneck, who recently returned from that hectic unadvertised Caribbean Cruise sponsored by the Government; Al Thomas, with his fast breaking speed ball; Haakenstad, not a wrestler, but the possessor of several snaky curves; "Sam" Rice; "Bert" Cole, one of the few ambidextrous pitchers heaving 'em these days.

The receiving department will be headed by another hefty lad (they seem to be the rage in respected baseball circles this season, by the way), for "Chet" Nichols, of the Navy, will hold down the mask and shin-pads for Dear Old Quantico. Gaddis, batting from the far side of the plate, will assist the over-sized lad in the event that he requires rest.

The elements, combining with the depression, seem to be attempting to dominate the athletic field here. The pre-season workouts have been featured, or rather hampered, by high winds that sweep the diamond and undermine the contention scored by the famous operatic soprano Alma Gluck in her famous recording "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

Undoubtedly, that good old

Virginia sun will work its way through the dark linings and collaborate with the authorities down here, and then Old King Baseball will have things his own way.

Keep an orb turned in the direction of this year's Quantico team, for if present indications can be considered authentic, the Baltimore Firemen, the nemesis that always appears on Marine schedules, will be surprised when they clash with this Quantico team later in the season. The Smoke-Eaters eked out a nine-eight verdict last summer, but the colorful Marine crew is out to gain sweet revenge for this reverse, and if the breaks continue in the right direction, Coach Cox may find the quest in search of victory a highly satisfactory one.

M.C.I. BASEBALL

Marine Barracks, Wash., D. C.

Old Demon Evil Eye seems to have put a permanent hex on the Marine Corps Institute ball club lately. Most poker players feel that there's a jinx attached to gathering in the first pot, and it looks as if the local boys could have done better if they had let the opening game go to the opposition. With three victories in practice games under their belt, the M. C. I. Professors snatched a 10 to 8 struggle over Army Medical Center. It was anybody's ball game up until the last out; with plenty of free hitting and good defense. Fuller struck out 10 Medicos and allowed 11 hits, only three of which were for extra bases.

Then Old Demon Evil Eye got busy: Fuller, who will be remembered for his twirling in China, was paid off. He went south, hoping to break into the minors this season. This left the club with only one pitcher to work about three games a week. Tom Konopa was drafted in from the infield to the mound. He has plenty of savvy and a good-breaking hook. Add this to control and he looks nice; but that leaves a hole in the infield. Hood took a special order discharge and turned in his uniform. Ben Knopa, who once caught for the Pensacola nine, stuck his meat hand

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"THE YOUNG-OLDTIMER"

BY JAMES W. RIKEMAN, NATIONAL SGT. AT ARMS

AFTER reading the several notices regarding our coming story which may have caused you readers to expect much more than is within our limited powers or talents, that our loquacious national chief of staff has been fit to write in advance, almost causes us to fear attempting to live up to these laudatory advance notices. In offering these reminiscences, all we care to announce is that we did not "teach Gen. J. Smedley Butler to make faces," as he learned that, as we all did, by virtue of our inner emotions, and neither do we require the services of canes, glasses—that is eye-glasses—nor a nurse, as our traducing and enthusiastic Nat. CofS does, and neither do we find amusement in the use of rattles, or other childish articles, for our second time on this earth. In other words, we are just another Marine who served under the dear old Globe, Anchor and Eagle, and are proud of that service, and trusting that our story of the days when the ships were wood, and the men iron, may interest you Marines of a later day, we will proceed with our memories.

Looking back fifty-two years, and comparing the U. S. Marine Corps with the Corps of today, is like comparing a wooden ship of those days, to a modern battleship. Doing this is beyond our talents, so we will let you compare them through your own imagination. It was our good fortune to have been enlisted by Col. George L. Broome, at Brooklyn Barracks, on Sept. 23, 1881, and the Marine Corps of that day, while much smaller, was just as active as it is today. We served at the Brooklyn Barracks but a short period, when we were assigned to the Marine Barracks, at Boston, Mass., and after another short stay here, we applied for, and was granted, an assignment for service at the barracks at Pensacola, Fla. Capt. H. J. Bishop was the commanding officer, and I was detailed for duty as chief cook. In 1882 yellow fever broke out at Pensacola, and our command joined with the three companies of the 3rd Artillery, and we went to Mount Vernon, Ala., where we remained from August until December, and were froze out.

In 1884 our command was sent to Brooklyn, and we were transferred to the US Flagship *Tennessee*, where we were detailed as orderly for Rear Admiral James E. Hout, until transferred to Boston, Mass., for discharge, in Oct., 1886. Enlistments were for a five-year period in those days, and we thought, when discharged, that we had had enough, but within thirty days we were back in again, and determined to "stay put" this time,

and we have never held any regret for staying until retired in Nov., 1911—30 years of continuous service. To tell the story of these 30 years would require a big book and might prove uninteresting to you readers, so we will summarize by stating we saw service in the guards aboard the USS *Galena*, *Kearsage*, the flagship *Tennessee*, *Jamestown* and *Constellation*—all wooden ships with sails, and capable of logging, at their best, about 12 knots. The only so-called modern ships we had were the old *Atlanta* and the *Detroit*, during the war with Spain. We had our "ups-and-downs,"—good times and bad, but withal we enjoyed this service.

It has always been our opinion that the old "windjammers" were the best, and anyway, there were better times for all hands, once underway, and cleaned-up, and things aboard were easy so long as good weather prevailed, but a little bad weather upset things somewhat. But after these upsets, we again cleaned up and laid down to rest, and enjoy the life of a Marine aboard ship. Enough of the ships, so now for some of the men we served with, or under. Looking over the names of officers still in service, we find very few that we recalled, except some among the "higher-up," and several who are colonels today, were 2nd lieutenants when we served under them. Of the old non-coms with whom we served many have gone west, others retired or lost track of, and any reading these reminiscences are invited to drop us a line at 216 Orange Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla. Among those who come to our mind at this time are Dave McCluskie, who was recruiting officer at the recruiting office, in New York City, when we first enlisted, and we recall that he stated we would be assigned to the USS *Lancaster*, for a cruise to Europe, which failed to materialize. Others we recall are Charles Casey, 1st Sgt., at Brooklyn, for years. Max Pohle, Sgt. Dickstahl, Sgt. Tesch, Dick Evans and Tom Molloy. Dick Evans and Tom Molloy, whom we find enrolled amongst the retired, were music boys when we knew them.

The one thing we would like to see above anything else, except to again meet these old-timers, is to see all of them enrolled where they belong—in the Marine Corps League—and then, at some date when a national convention of the League is held at some central point, we could all get together, and, gyrenes, what a time we could have! We have just celebrated our 80th birthday, and still as youthful in spirits as the rawest boot, and we are anxiously looking forward to another re-

union with our comrades who served in the good old Marine Corps, and another reunion, such as we enjoyed at Chicago, the last year would about fill our cup of happiness, as we certainly enjoyed that one, and are anxious for others. The National Commandant and National Adjutant and Paymaster will always be remembered as good fellows, as will all of the boys we met at Chicago, and this includes our esteemed friend, the Boot-top, our physically decrepit, but vocally-efficient, National chief of staff. In closing our article we merely desire to challenge the last named gyrene to a foot race for fun or marbles, and we will offer to carry him on our back the last 50 yards of a 100-yard dash. Extending the regards and best wishes of one who was serving when most of you readers were as yet absent, and assuring all that we still retain our esprit de corps, we will knock off, remaining Yours Semper Fidelis.

JAMES W. RIKEMAN,
Nat. Sgt. at Arms.

(Editor's note. Your challenge is accepted, Jim, and we express our willingness to indulge in such a race as you state, and also to carry Tippy Cayan, Capt. Cannavan and Jim Corbett on our back throughout the race. We start training tomorrow by going up to the local Old Folks' Home so as to be used to associating with you old "foggies," when the day arrives for our going ancient by having to restrain our juvenile aspirations and "play-round" with you boys of the USMC days when we were wearing a bib and tucker.)

THE BOOT-TOP UNLACES

With "apologies" to the N. J. Marines who imagine we are too "self-publicizing," we must insert this column this month since we are in receipt of material that can only be used via such a column, and outside of informing any chance friends that may be interested, our only reference to ourself will be to mention the fact that again Old Man Hard Luck has seen fit to wallop us, and this time, literally, "in the puss." Yeh, gyrenes; the Old Boot-top is now at a disadvantage—vocally—so sail into him, as he can not talk back—at this time, but watch out, as the old index finger still functions at the verbose typewriter. Here is the lowdown on our recent disability. Thursday, May 24, we had a stroke of paralysis, and the entire left side of our face is gone, and we will leave it to your imagination to realize how we feel. Talking, eating and drinking is out hereafter, and all desiring to see us smile are invited to stand on the right side, and our friends are assured that we are devoting more time to smiling (?) at adversity than we are to crying (?) over it. It's all in the game, and whinnell cares to see a Marine crying? The above information is given here

so our correspondents will understand, and forgive us, if we are lax in replies.

Well, this is the month of elections and installations in detachments, and we had intended attending many of them, but evidently it is ordained otherwise. We had an invite from the Chas. Ruddick det., of Elmira, N. Y., to attend theirs on June 2, and while the notice was short, we would have been with them only for what had happened. Our own detachment, the Theodore Roosevelt det., of Boston, Mass., held their installation the same evening our stroke occurred, and we couldn't even attend that, and we hear it was a grand affair. We hope the chief of staff will have his report of it in time so you can all read of it this month.

In the June issue of THE LEATHERNECK we read that story by Ken Collings entitled "Happy Last Landing," and we hope every other reader did so, as it was a swell story, and written by a Marine who knows his "planes." Ken, you know, is Past Commandant of New Jersey, and one of the live-wires of that state, and anything he is mixed up in is chuck full of life and interest. A swell story, Ken, and we hope you are back again with another very soon.

We note several writers in THE LEATHERNECK, as well as several of our detachment publicity officers, refer to discharged Marines as "ex-Marines." We wonder why. Doesn't the old slogan of "Once a Marine, always a Marine" refer to discharged Marines? Come on, gyrenes, and be natural. The only Marine deserving an "ex" before his title of Marine is one who is dishonorably discharged, and we have no place on our roles for them, and candidly, few, if any, of us have any interest in them, so why mention them? Let us insist on our correct title of Marine, and cut out the "ex." Our old friend, Pappy John E. Brock, of Oakland, Cal., would get sore as hell if anyone accused him of being anything but a full-blooded 100% Marine, so why speak of others as "ex-Marines," John? We shoot this at you on account of your reference in that Emeryville Herald you Golden Gate Veterans publish out there in California, and wherein you appeal to "ex-Marines" to sign up with you. We are anxious to announce that the actions of the California Marines the past year have proven that they are all regular Marines, and no "ex's" among them.

By the way, have any of the detachments any business to come up before the national convention, whenever and wherever it is held? The time for holding same draws near, and we think it might be a good idea to insert some of this business herein so that detachments unable to have representatives present in person, could forward their desires to proper authorities for consideration. We have many ideas in our head, but fearing we would be considered as taking advantage of our access to these columns we haven't expressed them, yet, but will next month, if able to thump on the Corona. Here is one for this month. How about allowing votes by proxies? It is OK for us Easterners to disfranchise the Westerners because they are financially unable to have a delegate present. But, boy, would we yell if the west coast landed a national convention, and we were unable to send delegates. We feel proxies should be recognized, and will fight again this year for their recognition, but if the detachments unable to send delegates are satisfied to

not receive this courtesy, why,—well,—what is the use of our bucking our head against a stone wall? Shoot in your idea on this subject to us and let us have a straw vote next month. If you want representation inform the national convention of that fact, and whatever you do, pick men to vote your proxies who will do as YOU desire;—and there are many who will attend the national convention who will vote as you desire,—even though it be against their personal opinions. If we can not have you with us in person, let us have your opinions to guide us, any way.

Every division should hold their convention and elect their own division officers, or the national assembly will be forced to do it for you, and we assure you that it is not the desire of the national assembly to elect officers for any division. You Marines know the ability and talents of your own personnel better than we of other divisions, so pick out your best men and make them serve you as they should. If the Marine Corps League is to survive it is essential that every Marine interest himself in picking out the best men for offices, and irrespective of results of elections, we must all prove Marines and stay in the field and fight for the success of the League, and unless we are united under one national head, we might just as well fold up and let the world know we lost our Marine spirit when we received our discharge from active service. Unless you tell what displeases you to the proper officials and demand correction of these displeasing things, whine will know of it? Constructive criticism is always welcome, and insist upon the following out of your criticism, and anyway, a year is only 365 days long (except Leap Year) and we can exist better as a unified Marine Corps League and correct our errors at the end of the year. Come on, Marines; send along your ideas and let's have a show-down and everyone try to be at the national convention, as well as our several division and state conventions, and fight for the success of the League as a whole.

As the 2nd Div. Asso. holds its convention at New York City this year, it is our intention to get away early, so if any of your material is omitted this month, just put it down to the fact that your NCOS departed from his home town the 5th of June, and HAD to have his copy ready for THE LEATHERNECK before his departure, and is using the copy on hand at this time. A couple of you detachment Cofs will note your outfit "ghosted," this month, and in case you send anything after the 5th (if you don't send anymore next month), we will use your latest next month. O.K.? Now, in leaving you for another month, how about sending in your ideas on legislation for the national convention to act upon, and also any choices you may have for officers to serve you on the national staff the ensuing year? Anything you send for publication must bear the signature of your detachment adjutant or commandant, as an act of your detachment regarding choice for office or legislation. We want the opinions of detachment majorities to guide us in satisfying the desires of the League as a whole, and every detachment should have delegates on hand to fight for their desires, or at least, send along certified statements to guide those that do attend. This is YOUR League, so look after its best interest, and only by a majority vote can the most be satisfied. Until next

month and hoping to have much interesting copy for you with your own ideas prevailing, we will sign off.

BERGEN COUNTY DETACHMENT

Hackensack, N. J.

Hello, gyrenes; here we are and telling you that we still are able to march, and we sure did in the Memorial Day parade, held here in this city, and proved a hit all along the line of march, and, in fact, it seems we "stole the show" from the local veterans' organizations. The celebration was held at Camp Merritt, which during the World War, was one of the largest embarkation camps, and is located at Cresskill, Bergen County, N. J. This year's celebration proved one that our grandchildren will read about in history. Our detachment had the honor of supplying the Guard of Honor to his Excellency, Gov. A. Harry Moore, who was the principal speaker of the day. We also had the honor of the much sought after position of leader of parade. With the fine cooperation of the Brooklyn Barracks, we were supplied with a color guard and two men for the Guard of Honor. The following Marines were present and on their toes throughout the celebration: Colorbearer, Sgt. Jos. W. Fleck, and color guards, S. M. Smerek and H. W. Roth. The honor guards were Privates J. F. Daley and E. M. Briner, and never before had any outfit a better or snappier guard.

Others who spoke were: Hon. Edward A. Kenny, Congressman from New Jersey; Hon. Wm. R. Brown, Freeholder, Bergen County, N. J., and Lt. Col. Eugene H. Walle. Harold Wright sang several solos. Among the many guests were the following members of the Passaic County detachment: Harry Krusman, adj.; Uriah Smith, sgt. at arms; Adolph Hoffman, chaplain; John Breen, Ralph Fyfe, Hugh Glanbaro and George Thomas. After the celebration was over the guests and members and friends adjourned to the detachment headquarters where a fine meal was served and enjoyed by all. Everyone had to loosen his belt, and believe it or not, no one had to call for seconds. We wonder what they saw in our scenery that attracted so much of the attention of our Navy Yard visitors. Is the scenery of New Jersey so much better than that of Brooklyn? How about it, gyrenes? That for our Memorial Day doings.

We held our annual election recently, and from the political activities of our membership, maybe the regular politician might learn something, but any way, we elected our officers with the following result: Commandant, Alexander King; Sr. Vice Comm., Adolph J. Lander; Jr. Vice Comm., Larry P. Sheehy; Adj. and Paymaster, Phil Manning; Sgt. at Arms, John Stull, and Chief of Staff, Walter F. Fetzner. After the meeting we adjourned for refreshments and a social hour, and a "good time was had by all." In fact, many of our members now realize that by being absent from regular meetings, they have been "missing something." A few more meetings like this one will assure us of a 100% membership and attendance. One of our mysteries is how does our new commander rate a special chauffeur? Our ex-chief of staff, Bob Smith, did not like the life of a private citizen so he has shipped over for another cruise, much to our regret, but our loss is the gain of the USMC. Good luck, Bob, and let the

Bergen County Marines hear from you, and wherever you are, we are with you in spirit, and wish you deserved success.

WALTER F. FETZER,
Chief of Staff.

(Editor's note.) The writer received a letter from Bob Smith stating he was then at San Francisco, Cal., after a trip around the coast and through the Panama Canal, and was about to sail for China. He asked us to send greetings to all his detachment buddies, and all Marines all over the county. Here they are, Bob; and with your detachment, and all who knew you as a hard and sincere worker in the vineyard of Marinedom, we wish you the best of everything, and anxiously await further word from you. We will write when we get full use of our eyes again, and you will appreciate how we are if you read the Boot-top Unlaced column.)

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT Newark, N. J.

Well, gang; here we are on deck again this month, and we have just held our annual election with the following result: Commandant, Oliver Kelly, re-elected; Sr. Vice Commnd., Frank Serpica; Jr. Vice Commnd., Collum J. Walsh; Adj., Chas. Mayeaux; Chief of Staff, Lou S. Phillips; Paymaster, Edgar Delahunt; Judge Advocate, Prof. Basil Pollitt; Chaplain, John Withers, and Sgt. at Arms, Tony Gealanella. Here we go for a big year with everybody full of pep. We're proud of our bugle and drum corps, and since its organization we have been adding steadily to our membership in the detachment. Our Junior Vice Commandant, Collum Walsh, is a hard and tireless worker for the outfit, as is also Tony (Spaghetti-bender) Gealanella, and both are regular fellows. The Annual Poppy Drive is over, and next comes our Annual Carnival, and then the big Pieriac time, which is a "big" time in our outfit. Yours truly is busy training for his big roller skate good-will tour of the United States, so be watching for us, as we are coming. James Bouvier has just received his award of the Purple Heart. Ray Williams, our drum major, swings a mean baton, and proves himself an efficient and inspiring leader for the bugle and drum corps. Our time is up so we will say "see you all next month," in these columns.

LOU S. PHILLIPS,
Chief of Staff.

JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT Denver, Col.

Hello, gyrenes; this unworthy mortal is making his bow in this issue, and soon will fold his tent, like the Arabs, and silently steal away. Allow us to present our worthy and capable successor, Comrade A. Endrezzi, one of the younger gyrenes, and a veteran of the China Expedition, etc. Memorial Day, 1934, and our first time to commemorate, as a detachment of the League, is now recorded in the archives of history and time, but to those members of this detachment who participated in the ceremonies, it will be remembered as a day of unselfish devotion, and humble reverence for our departed comrades. Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, USMC, ret., arrived in Denver, May 29, to deliver an address at the Auditorium that evening, and also to take part in the memorial services the next day. He was met by members of this detachment who had served with him in various climes, and also by the officials of



"CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DET. BUGLE AND DRUM CORPS"

First row, left to right: Ray Williams, drum major; Anthony Gaellanella, drums; Frank Serpico, drums; Frank Serpico, Jr., mascot; Gerard Bakalaar, drums; John Cogavin, drums, and Edgar Delahunt, cymbals. Second row left to right: Tom Roy, drums; Chas. Mayeaux, trumpet; Lester Moffett, trumpet; Lou S. Phillips, Jr., drums; Collum Walsh, Jr., trumpet; Roland Eccleston, trumpet; Chas. Costello, "bugler"; Donald Gould, instructor; Oliver Kelly, commandant, and Steven Orzechowski, "bugler." Third row: Paul Yeurhaim, bugle; Edw. Bix, Chester Mattia, Frank Aloia, Jack Goldstein, Ray Bates, Frank Bartola, bugler. Back row: Jos. Bubel, Robert Partridge and James Bouvier.

the V.F.W., who had sponsored his visit to our city. General Butler captivated all who heard him speak, and his speech at the Auditorium was naive, humorous, decorous and in every way a brilliant and crowning achievement, and his short address delivered at the V.F.W. Memorial exercises, at Fairmont Cemetery, on Memorial Day, was a masterpiece. The V.F.W. exercises were beautiful, sacred and inspiring, and in all the years the writer has been observing memorial services conceived by Veterans' organizations, none were more carefully planned and carried out than those of the Francis Brown Lowry Post No. 501, V.F.W., of Denver, Col.

Our good comrade, Vice Commnd. P. H. Kimberling, was assigned as General Butler's orderly, and due to this, could not march with the detachment in the parade. His place was taken by his "better-half," and gyrenes; she was a knockout. A beautiful and vivacious girl, she attracted considerable attention, and especially since she was placed between two homely mugs—Comrade Rice and your scribe. We visited with Mother and Dad Owens and their charming daughter, Edna (the sweetheart of the detachment), Memorial Day evening, and we had a splendid time. Earlier in the day, the detachment had sent a bouquet of flowers to the above people, and they were exceedingly pleased and expressed their sincere appreciation. A dance was held May 19 and proved a huge success, socially, but not having heard the financial report as yet, we can only say we believe enough will be realized to bring the detachment out of the red. May 28, our new officers were elected for the ensuing year, with the following result: Commandant, W. G. Monevpenny; Sr. Vice Commnd., Byrne Bee; Jr. Vice Commnd. D. A. Kimberling; Judge Advocate, M. R. Savage; Chief of Staff, A. Endrezzi; Adjutant and Paymaster, L. A. Smale, and Sgt. at Arms, Joe Dolan. These officers will be installed the first meeting

in June, and to them the past officers extend their greetings and desire that they continue their good work. We meet the second and fourth Monday of each month, at the Odd Fellows Temple, 1751 Champa St., Denver, Col. All Marines are welcome.

C. E. GAW,
Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT Oakland, Calif.

This detachment, under the able leadership of Commandant J. A. Kohl and other new officers, is progressing in a fashion that is both noteworthy and encouraging. Since the induction into office of our new Detachment Staff about three months ago, we have averaged four new members each month. It appears that the League spirit is just beginning to take hold, and this happy condition, in the writer's opinion, can be justly attributed to the untiring effort and zealotness of the officers who are treating their jobs with a high sense of duty and an ambition to serve. These fine traits should characterize all League officers.

The other members of the detachment, as the result of the excellent example set by the officers, are working like Trojans with their support. They have answered the call for an increase of membership and within the last two months brought before the altar for membership obligations the following Leathernecks: B. Spait, local dentist; B. J. Hagney, Past Commander of the Alameda Camp of the United Spanish War Veterans; E. R. Beverleigh, two-fisted Spanish War Veteran, and the most enthusiastic member of the detachment; H. G. Weather, local merchant; H. Stanley, former member of Sacramento; R. L. Hubbard, local automobile dealer; C. F. Ohliger, of Walnut Creek, one of the old timers, who travels twenty miles to attend the meetings; S. J. Woyner, another old timer and

local business man; T. W. Tolliver, barber and League enthusiast; and last but not least, one of the most distinguished veterans of this section, disabled World War veteran and veteran leader, George W. Katzenberg.

From other sections of the State Marines are emerging from their hide-outs. The State Department, after dogged determination, has succeeded in seeing the San Francisco Detachment a real thing. Most of the State Officers have been attending the twice-monthly meetings of the San Franciscans and are happy to report that before this article goes to press, the San Francisco Detachment will have formally applied for a Charter.

The State Vice Commandant, T. H. Rogers, left for Los Angeles about a month ago for the purpose of organizing there. He has sent us word that the Marines of the southern part of the State are giving him plenty of cooperation. State Chief of Staff, J. E. Brock, on temporary duty in Fresno, notified State Commandant A. E. Gilbertson that Fresno will soon be organized. From Long Beach comes word through the newly-appointed Assistant State Chief of Staff, V. J. Atton, that that city will soon be honored with a League detachment.

After the last regular meeting of the Oakland Detachment, Charles ("Dynamic") De Costa, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, surprised the members with a spaghetti and wine feed. Charlie, a glutton for work, is directing the committee details for the benefit dance to be held on June 9, and in the next issue of this publication it is expected that a very favorable report will be made as the outcome of this dance.

Oakland Detachment takes this means of sending greetings to all National Officers and other members of the Marine Corps League throughout the country.

H. RUSKOFSKY,
Aide-de-Camp, Department of Calif.

SIMPSON-HOGGATT DETACHMENT Kansas City, Mo.

Well, dear members (and others), the gang of gyrenes at the mouth of the Kaw are still going good despite the heat, dust and drought. (Yaaa—fooled you, didn't we? Thought we were going to say depression, didn't you?)

Our regular meetings are well attended but, of course, oh, of course, many are still delinquent with their dues. Come on, fellers, we know who can pay and who can't. Seriously, we want to help those who, through unemployment, are unable to pay up. We want to figure out some way that the unemployed can earn their dues. Those men working should pay their dues, and at once, providing, of course, they are really interested in the League and its success. Those who are just talking, well it sounds good any way. It reminds us of that old song, "I Don't Believe It But Say It Again."

Our detachment held a picnic at the home of Bill Sutton recently and, needless to say, we had a grand time. Fun, food and frolic, and we had (oh glorious privilege) beer, ice cold and, even though we were in Kansas, we didn't even have to speak about it in whispers, but right out loud, just like that. (Note to Ye Ed—Caps please) Who wants A BEER, well who didn't, and again who don't! Beer in Kansas, truly a "New Deal."

As Will would say, we see by the papers that Bill Sutton has been maneuverin' around over in Wyandotte County, Kansas,

tryin' to stir up interest in a new detachment. And accordin' to what we read, he went and "done" it. The Jayhawkers have formed a temporary outfit and are goin' to get together soon and finish up the job. Good luck, Wyandotte, and we are sure you will get the job done, even if your injuns couldn't set up their own tents or sleep on the ground or hit the target with their bow-n-arrers.

Now we have had on our mind for a long, long time, the thought that we do not give enough thought and attention to the Marines in the Corps who served after the World War. (We are a World War Vet.) These kids are all good to look at. They are peppy, and if we interest them they will stick. They will keep us from coming under the definition given by a school boy of a Veterans' Organization. "A Veterans' Organization," he said, "is a bunch of old soldiers that have meetings to talk about the war and get drunk." What war? These young Marines might ask. Why not name this new Wyandotte detachment, or some other new one, after one of these young Marines who died in the service of our country in Haiti, Nicaragua, or one of the many other places that Marines have died in.

Memorial Day was fittingly observed in Kansas City with the Marines, as usual, starting things off with a sun-rise flag-raising and memorial service at the Liberty Memorial. The League was assisted by Craig Post, V.F.W. drum and bugle corps, of which many Marines are members. Thanks, Craig Post. The service was short, dignified and appropriate. Comment was pleasing from the public, as well as the important newspapers. *Semper Fidelis.*

MOUTH PIECE.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

Well, here we are again pinch-hitting for the purveyor of activities of the detachment, but we hope we do a better job than we did after the big ball a few months ago, and maybe (?) some of the gang might drop us a line and say "hello." Even if we say something that earns a slap-in-the-puss, we bet the gang would still be too busy to shoot along some deserved "compensation," but anyway, good old Hudson-Mohawk is too darn fine an outfit to be missing from these columns too often, so here goes for what we know. The May meeting was held at 312½ Crane St., Schenectady, N. Y., and Past Comm. Leon Walker took care of arrangements which assured us that everything would be O. K., and our comfort and desires cared for, and, man; they were. As per prescription of the by-laws nominations were made for officers for the coming year, but we will let that list go until our next outburst, at which time we will inform you who our leaders are to be for 1934-5. This detachment plans to participate in the Memorial Day exercises, and if previous years are any criterion, a large membership will be on hand, and this detachment will prove once more that they are *Semper Fidelis* to their buddies who have gone to their Eternal Reward, as they are to the Marine Corps League, of which they are an active and valuable unit. We added several new Marines to our roles at the last meeting, and are hot on the trail of others, and while new members are always acceptable and desired, we want and need our old members back with

us, and active. What say, you gyrenes? Come on in with us in your OWN OUT-FIT, and let's show the cock-eyed world that depressions, so-called or not, Marines are ever ready to put their shoulder to the wheel and carry their share of the burden of fighting the fight of their buddies, and their own. The Hudson-Mohawk detachment is holding its own in membership, but we want every eligible Marine in our ranks. Oh, here's the peeper with his scandal, so listen:

Hello, folks; your scribe was a bit peeved at the attendance at the last meeting at Troy, as we have many more, as a rule, in attendance, and you absentees sure missed a treat. The new rooms are swell, with pool table, check room, checker table, bar, kitchen, shower baths (with hot and cold swinging-doors) and ever so many gadgets too numerous to enumerate. Incidentally, these rooms were kindly donated us by the Troy Post of the Legion, and we are appreciative of this evidence of fraternalism on their part. Troy Post, we thank you, and long may our cordial relations remain. According to our Nat. Sr. VC, the bill according us state recognition has been killed in committee, but as we made a late start in procuring this legislation, and other business of greater importance was to be transacted, we are in hopes that next year we will achieve our ambition. Several bills are due for passage this year that will almost make assurance positive that we will win our objective next year. Grant Culver (who still imagines he can "take it"), our State Comm., started to impart the above information, but wigwagging on the part of his "superior-officer," Maurice Illich, Nat. Sr. VC, caused him to relinquish the floor, and the latter "led us out of the fog," as 'twere.

Our active and very much appreciated Commandant, Don Jacobs, has done gone and packed his sea-bags, and all earthly possessions, and hid himself down to the big city, and is now active in the garage business in New York City, and we all wish him the greatest success in his new venture, but we are betting his interest in our detachment does not cease, and we would not be surprised to discover him at the majority of our assemblies, ready to offer his valuable and appreciated advice. Don, we will miss you and your pleasant smile, but as we realize your heart is still with us, we assure you that our hearts are also with you, and may you succeed in your private affairs as you made us succeed under your efficient administration. As the "dead-line" of our allotted space is here, we will knock off, but promise to be with you again next month, unless some one else does his stuff and deprives us of a chance to do our stuff for the detachment that still lingers in our heart also, in memory of good times we had together, and what it did for dear old Pop Edgerton, now gone to his Reward.

THE GHOST OF THE PEEPER.

CENTRAL DIVISION HEADQUARTERS Cincinnati, O.

For the first time in several years the Marine Corps League had representation in our Memorial Day parade. Our hard working Adjutant, Lester V. Fullen, saw that we had a large turnout. About twenty of the "boys" found that they could squeeze into their old "blues;" there were several that

still owned a blouse, they, however, did not have trousers. Well, Les got 'em trousers; maybe that they did not all fit, but they did march in what they had, and that was something.

After the parade services were held at The Marine Memorial Fountain in Lytle Park. This memorial was erected in memory of all Marines from this city, who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. A large wreath was placed at its base. A beautiful bit was delivered by the Rev. Father B. E. MacAlarney, formerly with the Chaplain Corps and at one time an assistant chaplain at Quantico. Taps were sounded by our own Melvin J. B. Griggs and Clarence Hodapp, a Marine and member of the Geo. W. Budde Post, American Legion. Believe me, comrades, it is beginning to look like "the Marines have landed" in this town. I might add to this that "colors" were lent to us by the local Voiture, No. 29, of the 40 and 8, and to all who assisted we are very grateful. After the parade, Kreuzman, O'Leary and Welp went over to Aurora, Ind., as aides to District Commander Wm. A. Burlingame, Fourth Ohio Dist. American Legion, and attended the services there sponsored by the Keith Ross Post, American Legion. Keith Ross was another Marine who gave his all in Bois de Belleau, in June, 1918, that victory might be ours. Rifles for use of our color guard were loaned by Major Swift, Eng. Corps, USA Res., to whom we herewith extend our thanks and appreciation.

CHARLES A. McCARTHY,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

Greetings from the Hub of the Universe (Boston and its environments), and being so near to Cambridge, the home of Harvard, possibly we should be "high-brow," but since no one would care to have residents near our state prison emulate the inmates of that institution, maybe we better stick gyrene, and write in leatherneck lingo. Our worthy chief of staff, and lover of the classics in music, evidently not having recovered from his exertions exerted during our nominative, elective and installative, as well as the Memorialisative period (how's that for a two-buck word, gang?), has not forwarded his informative effusions, it is up to the "Patsie" and verbose ghost to do his stuff. Come on, Lou; or we'll tell teacher on youse. Well, Marines and all others who may peruse this column, here's the low-down on the high-up-Bostonians. The detachment is progressing very favorably, and adding to its membership at every meeting, and we haven't started yet. Watch our smoke, you other outfits, or we will get out of sight. We're out to exceed all previous membership standings, and with good old Bill Anderson (he of the antiquated chapeau) at our head for another efficient year, we know we're going places. We held our nomination and election of officers the past month and while we have no list of those chosen, we will attempt to furnish the list, and trust to our memory and hope we omit no one. Here goes:

Bill Anderson succeeds himself for another year as Commandant; Creaser (the Marine who takes an affair that should be a flop and makes it a success) is the new Senior Vice Commandant. Oh, heck, we knew we'd do it—we forgot the name of the new Junior Vice—but any way, he is a good Marine. Paul Sargent succeeds

himself as Adjutant, and the ONLY LADY-MARINE in captivity, sweet Veronica L. McCormick, accepted renomination and election as our Paymaster, and man, we know the attendance will still continue to be large, since Veronica always attends, and IS a regular Marine and worth looking at. In fact, Veronica is almost another Joan of Arc, and will yet lead the Roosevelt detachments out of oblivion and into the promised land of being leaders in membership and attendance. (No, buddy; she did not pay for this publicity, except by her work the past year, and any way, she knows our wife.) Our Judge Advocate is Smiling Roy Keene, he of the ambition towards councilorship, and another cheerful smiler, and willing worker, Hodge (forgot the first name), still remains "Sky-pilot (chaplain)," and, boy, how this hombre can frame up original prayers, when he forgets his ritual. Oh, yeah; we almost forgot we elected some one else, and had we omitted him, what a loud, top-kicker voice he'd have made us listen to next time he saw us. We can almost see his hirsute appendage sticking out like Me unt Gotts, William of Hoho-en-sumthin-or-uder's. Well, Jimmie, old kid; here's your announcement. Good, reliable and congenial Jim Corbett has been elected as our Sgt. at Arms, and boy, where could we find a snapper or more efficient man for that office? Good old Jim. Ever ready to serve anywhere, and capable of doing the same. We know some one else was put into laborious office, but who was it?

Our detachment is to be host again for the state convention to be held June 16 and 17, and with the state commd. Spottiswood, handling the affair, we look forward to some convention. A big reunion and banquet will open the affair the 16th, with business sessions being held the 17th. We have been busy attending installations and memorial exercises with other veterans outfits the past month or so—that is our Commd., Bill Anderson has—and maybe, it will not be long before Bill has to hire another cook to satisfy his appetite. THE EVER-READY PATSIE OF THE LEAGUE.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 27)

this would be the very best camp yet. We agree with him.

NEWS FLASH

May 19, 1934—City Athletic Club,
50 West 54th St., New York

Major Krulewitch gave a dinner here (and what a dinner!) to the officers of the 2nd Battalion. There were no vacant chairs (perhaps they all knew what to expect). The Battalion Surgeon, Dr. Mare C. Angelillo, Lt. (JG) USNR, gave "the Navy" touch to the party. Sergeant Major Mattia, who attended, had to be prevented in some way from working—meetings to him always mean work and lots of it. The Major stated that the party was in honor of Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, USMC, upon his promotion, but some of us feel that it was perhaps for the purpose of exhibiting the new gold wrist watch presented to our wrestling major for his championship bout, the finals of which were held at this same Club on April 25th. The wrist watch is evidence of his prowess as a wrestler, but as a host he is even better. The party was a success from beginning to end. There was never a dull moment. Business and pleasure mixed without curdling and good fellowship was the keynote. The

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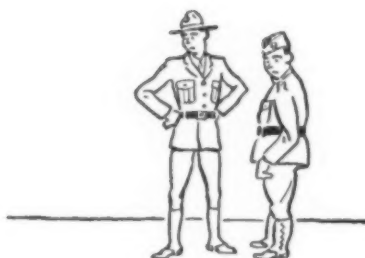
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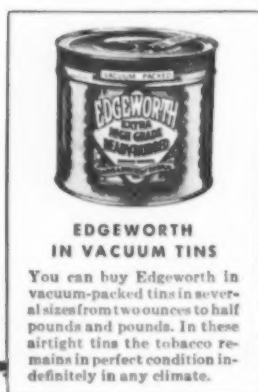
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If you want a liberal sample of Edgeworth and a genuine old-fashioned corn cob pipe to try it in, you'll get both promptly by just sending a dime with your name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 3000 Cary Street, Richmond, Va.

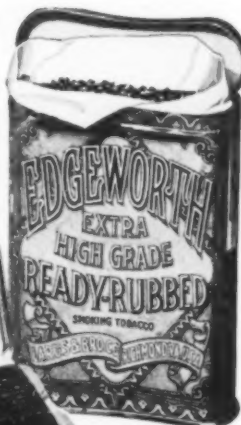
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Major did the honors like no other major ever did. This dinner was one like people hope to have, but seldom do, when they arrange dinners.

The men are qualifying on the .22 calibre as fast as our limited facilities permit. The advance party leaves on June 4th and on June 10th the 2nd Battalion shoves off for Sea Girt, N. J.—to crowd into all too small a time a year's practical training. June 23rd we return to Newark wiser, and determined to have even a better battalion next year, and, if authorization is received, a larger one.

Tuesday evenings will continue to be used for Administrative Work and the examination of new recruits. Drills being compulsory beginning July 1st, we must replace those men who are not able to attend the drills.

All ex-Marines in the vicinity are asked to drop in and visit with us.

WEST COAST CHRONICLES

(Continued from page 25)

Memorial Day was the occasion for a brief ceremony at the Navy Yard Cemetery. Following a casting of fresh cut flowers upon the waters of San Pablo Bay by the relatives of deceased and local organizations such as the American Legion and their Auxiliary, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, a Marine firing party from the barracks led the procession to the small cemetery on the hillside facing toward Vallejo proper. There the decoration of the graves was preceded by the customary three volleys fired by our Marine platoon, honoring the fallen dead.

Sgt. Major Joseph L. Doll was placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the United States Marine Corps on the 31st of May, after completing thirty years' service in the Marine Corps. Sergeant Major Doll was promoted to a commissioned rank during the World War and served in such capacity until the first month of 1920. Doll holds Expeditionary Medals for service in Santo Domingo and China. He also was awarded the Nicaraguan Campaign Medal for service in Nicaragua in 1912 while aboard the old U.S.S. *Maryland*. He was awarded the Victory Medal for service overseas with the Fourth Brigade of Marines during the World War. He was recently awarded the Yangtze Service Medal for service in Shanghai, and holds the Good Conduct Medal with four bars. His is indeed a creditable record.

While in Shanghai, Sergeant Major Doll served with the Fourth Marines as Regimental Sergeant Major, and is remembered by all as "Mose" Doll.

One of the activities of the post which deserves mention and unfortunately has been given concluding reference, is that of the Post Rifle and Pistol Team. The Team is under the guidance of 1st Lieut. M. F. Schneider, who is Team Captain. He is grooming the team for the coming Western Division matches to be held at La Jolla, California. They are working hard and deserve whatever laurels we sincerely hope they shall bring back with them when they return next summer.

In conclusion, we offer the suggestion that the month of June will see much in the way of Volunteer Reserve activity about our post. It is understood that we are to be hosts to a battalion of Reserves who will encamp here at Mare Island. They always seem to enter into the spirit of the Marine Corps, and by doing so, increase our own pride in the outfit and our pleasure in having their company.

FRISCO GOSSIP M-A-S

June, with its warm balmy days has arrived, together with the lure of the open road, mountains, and streams.

From the number of furlough papers given out the other day the call is being answered by quite a number of the depot personnel. Private First Class Lyle is pointing the front end of his car towards the Chicago Fair and other points East. Privates First Class Henley and Amburn, and Sergeant Johnston are likewise heading for the other side of the Rockies.

We who must remain behind at our desks and in the storerooms wish them all pleasant trips, and hope that they all come back a month from now bubbling over with ambition and outrageous fish stories.

The old Marine Corps still seems to look good to most of us. We have had two reenlistments and one extension during the past month. Pfc. M. Brown took on another four years, likewise Private First Class Sisson. Quartermaster Sergeant Johnston, who was going to leave the Marine Corps on twenty years' service, has decided to remain until he is furnished a new set of teeth to replace the ones the dentist at Mare Island so ceremoniously removed for him.

Private First Class Wigley, formerly of the All-Marine Baseball Team, is playing with a local semi-pro team, and is doing exceptionally well in that he has won 12 games and lost only 3.

Private First Class Milikin says it's great to be a bachelor for a while, Mrs. Milikin having gone to Los Angeles for a short visit.

Private First Class Sage, "the depot painter," says that the C. W. A. painters who worked in the building did such a good job he hasn't been able to find anything to do since they left.

The motor transport section has been quite busy of late, what with shipments coming in from the East Coast, and going out to the Asiatics. It is composed of Staff Sergeant Krabaek, Privates First Class Poblitz and Davis.

The mechanical section, under the supervision of Sgt. W. Plate, has installed a new fire alarm system that can be heard in every nook and corner of the depot.

During the waterfront strike here in San Francisco our night watch section has been strengthened by a detail of three NCO's from the barracks at Mare Island Navy Yard. They are Sgt. J. Duban, Cpls. H. Reeves and F. M. Tobin. The Marines at Sunnyvale have been ready for strike duty here in San Francisco, but so far it has been unnecessary to call on them.

Young, L. S., Qm-Sgt., FMCR., formerly in charge of the mechanical section here at the depot, paid his alma mater a visit during the past month. He reports that he has a shop of his own across the bay, and that he is doing very nicely.

So here is saying adios from the city of the 1937 World's Fair.

BASEBALL DOPE

(Continued from page 28)

in front of a fast one and cracked two fingers. Rentfrow lost a decision to Old King "Charlie Horse;" Goldsmith was stopped with a loss of ten yards when he collided with the opposition's first sacker.

In the second league game Lakin held the Army War College to one hit up until the sixth stanza. They took two hits in the 6th, two in the 7th and one in the 8th, a total of six paltry bingles; but they netted

as many runs, and the Marines finished on the short end, 6 to 3.

In the following game Fort Washington's soldiers took a fall out of the cripples, 11 to 7. Bolling Field, whom the Marines had somewhat trampled on during a former practice game, 19 to 2, turned tables on the Leathernecks and booted them all over the lot. War College then scratched a close victory over the Professors. Thus far nine games have been played, and only one on the profit side of the ledger. But with some new blood coming in from Quantico, and if the old Jinx will look the other way for a moment, Manager McElroy's Professors might yet offer some instruction in the way baseball should be played.

PHILADELPHIA MARINES NOT BAD WITH THE .30

The Philadelphia Marine Barracks rifle team, having demonstrated its proficiency with the .22 rifle by emerging victorious in all but one match during this year's season, has turned to the caliber .30. The results are just what might be expected.

On May 12, the Marines journeyed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, to meet the Academy team. The Midshipmen were in top form, breaking the Naval Academy record for match firing—but they were not quite good enough. The Marine team handily defeated the Midshipmen and broke the range record, dropping an average of but 11.6 points per man, as against the average individual loss by the Middies of 12.9 points.

The individual scores are presented herewith:

| Philadelphia Marines | | | | | |
|----------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Name | 200-S | 200-R | 300-R | 600-S | Total |
| Chaney | 47 | 50 | 49 | 100 | 246 |
| Schneeman .. | 46 | 49 | 49 | 100 | 244 |
| Blanchard .. | 44 | 50 | 50 | 98 | 242 |
| Guilmet | 44 | 50 | 48 | 99 | 241 |
| Snell | 46 | 48 | 47 | 99 | 240 |
| Barrett | 43 | 50 | 49 | 97 | 239 |
| Pederson | 45 | 50 | 49 | 95 | 239 |
| McDougal | 45 | 50 | 48 | 95 | 238 |
| Morrow | 41 | 50 | 45 | 93 | 229 |
| Jackson | 42 | 50 | 39 | 95 | 226 |

TOTAL..... 2384

| Naval Academy | | | | | |
|----------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Name | 200-S | 200-R | 300-R | 600-S | Total |
| Strickler | 46 | 50 | 50 | 96 | 242 |
| Blenman, C. .. | 46 | 50 | 48 | 97 | 241 |
| Schatz | 44 | 50 | 49 | 97 | 240 |
| Hanger | 46 | 50 | 50 | 93 | 239 |
| Turner | 48 | 50 | 50 | 91 | 239 |
| McCallum | 44 | 50 | 49 | 94 | 237 |
| Blenman, W. .. | 41 | 50 | 48 | 97 | 236 |
| Fuchs | 41 | 50 | 48 | 94 | 233 |
| Ware | 41 | 49 | 47 | 95 | 232 |
| Brandt | 43 | 48 | 46 | 95 | 232 |

TOTAL..... 2371

TROPICAL TOPICS

(Continued from page 21)

"Goon" Jones tinting pictures... "Moana" Partridge going ashore... Harry Yost getting paid off, shipping over, and perhaps going on a short leave... "Joe" Janicki, "Is it in regulations?"... "Tiny" Reed going to the Y. M. C. A.... "Papa" Rigler joining the yard patrol... Calvin, son of Sgt-Major Moore, making knots on his scooter... "Red" Dorey building a radio... "Hawk-Eye" Bronk giving out the latest dope on transportation to the United States... Aloha Nui.

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PEARL HARBOR MARINE BAND Sharps and Flats By "Polly" Parrett

It has been some time since our band has broken into print, but we assure you that we have had an excellent reason for not having done so. We have been having more than our share of band duty of late. But now we shall try to let our buddies in other parts of this far-flung Corps learn what goes on here.

The band has just come in from the range—and we are still able to number quite a few Daniel Boones among our number. Our qualification percentage was one hundred!

"Red Rupe" is at present on the sick, lame and lazy list with a bad foot—but you can't keep a good man down.

Leon Konesky did a plunge and bought himself a nice, shiny new chariot—a Buick. Will we or will we not go to town from this point on?

The band really has been on the run for the past week, as Honolulu observed Music Week. If there wasn't a parade, there was a concert in some part of the city. Fifteen bands cooperated to make the week a success. On Saturday, May 12, all fifteen bands were massed in a parade—two hundred and nine bandmen!

Elmer Armiger, our peek horn player, who has been with the band about a year, is on the list for transfer to China, and he just can't wait until the good ship *Chaumont* arrives. We all hope that you like China, Elmer.

As we are to have a dance on June 6, Konesky, the orchestra leader, is whipping the lads into shape. The last dance at which we officiated two months ago went over with a bang, and we intend to make this one even better.

The entire band is looking forward to the trip to Hilo on July 4. The band made a trip to the big island last year for the same sort of parade and concert, and the men enjoyed themselves immensely; naturally, all hands are eager to go.

Charley Lynch and Hildebrand have gone into the camera racket in a big way. John Poli and Red Dorey contemplate the early purchase of a motorcycle. Our earnest hope is that they don't get lost and arrive late for a concert. It has been known to happen.

Breeze Turner has been tucked under the arm of the band in the capacity of drum major, to replace his predecessor, who has gone back to the States.

The bandmaster, First Sergeant Deek Knowles, has just extended for Pearl Harbor, so we have overcome our fear that we might lose him. The Top has expressed his intention of shipping over for this post, in fact.

And so—Aloha, fellahs.

DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 19)

men certainly know a good post and from all indications are well pleased to be back.

Uniform changed to Khaki; however, with the cool evenings in store the Patrol resort to winter fields at night. Most any afternoon will find a swimming party taking off for Nantasket and the other beaches. Of course Al Hunza, Whynaught, Robinson, Vastine and Conge get in a lot of fishing and usually return with a mess of mosquito bites for their efforts with the rod and reel.

Dube and Robinson have deserted Hull

and Nantasket for new fields. I understand it's someone in Roxbury and she has red hair. No doubt Lendo is acquainted with the party.

Had hopes of reporting a couple of June brides but it looks like the dates have been advanced since there is no sign of Dan Cupid making an appearance. I'll look into the situation.

I wonder how many men in the Corps heard the Admiral Byrd broadcast the night that Cabone broadcast his challenge to the Navy champion harmonica player. Hats off to Cabone, who sure can play the harmonica and with as good atmospheric conditions and with just as much stuff as he had on the night of June 6th he should win in a walk. If it's the brand of cereal that you eat I guess the Marine Corps will be flooded with harmonica players. If it's a case of selecting a yodeler, the prize would go to Bridgers (with your name mentioned so often, Obie, I am sure you will be purchasing extra copies for the home folks). I am still waiting for Shoemaker to get those snapshots for publication. He did mention that the horse took a good picture. Remember, you fellows, that every picture that goes in for the column and is published you get a free copy of THE LEATHERNECK. Now let's have some snapshots. Get some of the swimming party, fishing party, working detail and even a good snapshot of Mike Burns' place would be interesting to some of the fellows who have departed from this post.

I believe that our commanding officer, Captain Adams, passed a landscape gardener's examination at one time during his career, judging from the scenery outside our office and around the Marine Barracks. My only regret is that I failed to get a "before the improvement" picture.

On 1 July we will lose one of our Sergeants, namely Hugh J. Prunty, who will retire upon the completion of twenty years' service in the Marine Corps. Our best wishes and success go with you, Joe, and let's hear from you once in awhile.

I understand Lendo took the method of buying a car to keep from having the money to get married. However, I couldn't believe that would be Gosselin's idea. Not the way he has been planning on going to Springfield every other week-end.

Papalegis has plans for the future and maybe one of these days will find him a sporting the bars of a second lieutenant on his shoulders, provided, he keeps his intentions in good faith. Best of luck to you, Frank, and I know it will make the girl happy.

Champagne lost about twenty pounds in three days when the laundry boys were away and he decided to take over the tasks of the "Queen of the Suds." Turned out some good work from reports and you can rest assured your efforts were not in vain, Champ. Favorite expressions heard around these parts:

"What manner of horse play is this?"—Olson.

"He jinxed me"—Burnham.

"Hit me down and take it"—Lawson.

"Cavalcade"—Moon.

"Buy the drinks, Pal"—Silverman.

"Muzzler"—Gooselin.

"Another 12-4 watch"—Lendo.

"Guy Lombardo"—Mucciaccio.

"Gosh!"—Presley.

"All right, let's go that detail"—Simon Legree.

And before I get thrown out bodily I'd better sign off on this line or there won't be a column from this station. See you all in August.

SEA-GOING LOG

(Continued from page 17)

of the time being spent at sea—, we finally have put in at the Boston Navy Yard for an indefinite stay . . . The crew sighs, "Thank heaven."

The old ship behaves admirably at sea. It was a hilarious trip—particularly off the Gulf of Tehuanepec . . . Privates "Ezy" Arnold and "Si" Davison spending quite a bit of time at the rather convenient slop chute and "Prof" Snyder slipping through one of the spar-deck gun ports on a fast trip out to the channel. . . Tee Hee!

"Dusty" Rhoades, in answer to the ribbing of a shipmate, boasts that it is unnecessary that he take *phosphorosis* as he strolls the deck in a manner that must arouse the admiration of the ghosts of the members of the ship's first Marine Guard.

Sergeant "Hank" Billert was a trifle toasted by a vicious and steady glare from the tropic sun when nearly the entire ship's company went in—in a big way—for sun bathing. Hank was having a hard time going to sleep for a while so he declared, "Never again." . . . Shades of a middle-class semi-successful business man on a tour . . . and staying at the beach too long . . .

At sea the only available lighting at night was flashlights, etc. One night Otto Campsen was unable to operate his lamp so he tossed it over the side.

J. L. Ross has lately been "telling" his fortune with a deck of cards, and he's worried because they tell him that he is to be married three times. Incidentally, Ross got special leave after receiving bad news from home . . . He was on his way to California three hours after deciding he wanted to go.

"Wilson" Taylor (called Wilson because he is ready to prove at any time of the day or night that Wilson, N. C., is the largest tobacco market in the world) dazzled the hometown—which, incidentally, is Wilson, N. C.—by his august presence a short time ago but tired of the civilian mode of living to the extent that he wired for an extension of his leave and now is pining for an opportunity to return to Wilson once more.

"Si" Davison, who says he has sharpened more plowshares than any three members of the detachment put together, is—with Private First Class Dow—seeking a way to get back to the West Coast.

Knically recently polished his qualification "medals" and went on a leave. I'll bet he'll certainly sashay down the hometown main stem as he says there is a certain party that is looking forward to his homecoming. Or perhaps she will be only too glad to have that feminine bracelet returned to her fair arm after it has been carried around for quite some time by the sentimental lad.

John Waller, an insignificant little corporal (I hope he never finds out who wrote this) who wears a mustache so that his schnozzle will not be so conspicuous, tied a homeward bound pennant to his nose and went on a leave.

"Mona" Osborne wants to go back to Bremerton, Washington. But then, don't we all want something that we are unable to get?

As the ship is going out of commission sometime in June, the entire detachment is probably going to break up. Cox, the

"company" clerk, is overworked, as most of the boys are requesting this and that. They cross their fingers, stick their tongue in the cheek, and take a grain of salt as they say that there is a good chance that the requests will come back approved . . . that is optimism plus, not so?

Harry A. "Dusty" Rhoades has been paid off after eleven years in the Marine Corps . . . John Waller is going home for good at the end of June . . . Ross is already on his way back to the West Coast.

Oh!! By the way—Johnny Brozack and Charlie Dow are spending many liberties in south Boston, and as time goes on, we can detect a hint of the Polish language in their speech. We're all seeking to learn something new though . . . people have been known to go to great steps to be agreeable. . . .

"Prof" Snyder will never live down the story of his having returned to the Frigate after a liberty in ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., by rowing out to where the ship lay at anchor . . . Arnold (better known as "Ezy") will never walk with a light step . . . Davison ("Si") will never be forgotten for his emphatic statement that he has sharpened more plowshares than any three members of the detachment . . . and Ross, although he has gone from our pleasant (?) group, will always coincide with the story of the ambitious Marine who returned to the ship in CHARLESTON, S. C., wanting to take on three big bo'sun's mates . . . Tee HEE!



AUGUSTA BREEZES

By L. Walker

Four days more, 23 May, to be exact, and the Asiatic Fleet flagship *Augusta* proceeds to Tsingtao, "The Riviera of the Far East." Since the beginning of April we have enjoyed the Shanghai liberty, so much talked about in Manila—and now we are ready to go—to get away from Shanghai and its "lovely" Whangpoo River.

Before occupation by the German Navy in 1897, Tsingtao was a small fishing village and junk harbor. Upon assumption of control by the Germans, however, a marked change became evident, a new and modern seaport arising in the place of the poor settlement occupied by the Chinese. In 1914 the Japanese seizure brought an influx of Japanese merchants and workmen who continued the expansion of the city. In 1922, under the terms of the Washington Conference the Japanese relinquished the administration of the city to the Chinese Shantung provincial government. Since then there has not been a great deal of development. Population in 1926 consisted of 60,000 Chinese, 13,444 Japanese, 380 Russians, 224 Germans, 62 English, 49 Americans, and 44 subjects of other nations.

Capt. R. J. Bartholomew, formerly of the Fourth Marines, assumed command of the *Augusta* Marine Detachment on 8 May, replacing Lt. J. H. Stillman, who had been in command since last August.

Some new arrivals since the last letter are Pfc. J. B. Cox, Pvt. L. Damron, E. D.



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Coley, J. A. Pearre, R. E. Meetze, J. B. Loftis, and I. O. Tomson. Pvts. F. D. Conradi and D. M. Smith have been transferred to the Fourth Marines.

Pfes. L. A. Prowse and V. Waldenmayer have been giving the A. A. officer something to look at through the cheek scope on the 5-inch dotting drill during the past week. They are unequalled, it seems, but some of us remain undismayed and are still endeavoring to get the cross wires on and the trigger off at the psychological moment. Short range is due soon, and Gun Captains Greer and Pileher are looking forward to a couple of "E's" for the port battery.

Pfes. W. G. Donart and R. E. Bailey have left with the U.S.S. *Isabel* on a tour of the Yangtze up as far as Hankow, which should be an enjoyable trip. The two will act as orderlies for Admiral F. B. Upham, C-in-C of the Asiatic Fleet.

A certificate commending the record of the *Augusta* small bore rifle team has been received from the Philippine Shooting League, Manila. We placed first over the Army, Police and several civilian gun club teams in the first Dewar Match at 50 and 100 yards to be fired in the Islands. Of the ten men entered from the ship, seven were of the Marine Detachment.

Pfes. E. Stevenson and M. F. Clark have taken over the pressing "pantz" business for the detachment and are efficiently turning out the work daily. Clark caught the Shanghai Municipal Police Force fever recently for reasons well known. He has, however, informed the *jefe* he could not leave the little Augie and his partner, Steve—not to mention the business. We congratulate Clark on showing the true spirit of Semper Fidelis.

Pvt. E. Welz has quite astounded the Orient with his swimming performances since the *Augusta* team entered the Asiatic Fleet finals in Manila and copped first place, largely through Eddie's fast work in the pool at Rizal Field. Welz is now working out for Shanghai meets at the "Y." Cpl. Gerald Pierce and Pvts. Casimir Lewinski and Reuben Samuels were also members of the Augie swimming team and contributed toward the piling up of points for the flagship.

Welz was entered in two relay events won by the *Augusta* team in the triangular swimming meet at the Foreign Y. M.

C. A. pool, Friday, 18 May. The *Augusta* swimmers defeated both the Y. M. C. A. and the Fourth Marines teams.

Pfe. J. B. Elzey, and Pvts. J. E. Gardner and J. A. Pearre were guests in Shanghai American homes for Mother's Day dinners. H. Selberg has been approached as to whether he would accept Pfe. or not, and, although quite busy with his course in finance, etc., has announced that the single stripe with added pay will be satisfactory for the present. W. J. Miller is senior man on the mess force now, and Endicott is our shining light in the C. P. O. pantry. A social item, somewhat startling to us, is: Pvt. O. F. McMullen, 1st loader on No. 2 gun, went ashore on the 17th of May. Truly we are living in a time of vanishing traditions. To our sorrow it is our painful duty to report that "Alice in Wonderland" was shown twice on the ship, and several members of the detachment thought it was simply ducky. Despite the harrowing experience touched on so lightly above, the Marines of the Augie Maru are still able to wish you well. Adios.

THE SHELLSHOCKED FLOORWALKER

(Continued from page 9)

to burst all around him. New York, the only place he really knew, seemed far, far away.

Over in France his shellshock grew apace. True, the white flag flew over all hospitals, and the white band on his arm gave him sanctuary, still the shells would whine and the planes "zoom" overhead. Perhaps the enemy couldn't see his white armband, and would shoot him by mistake as a combatant. He was in a continual funk, unharmed, unscathed but shellshocked to a frazzle.

While working on a stretcher detail, gathering up wounded men after a skirmish, a sniper's bullet struck the calf of his leg. Only a flesh wound, but he thought he was killed—a renegade had actually shot him in spite of the non-combatant white brassard on his arm. Such men would not hesitate about killing a Nun or a Red Cross woman nurse.

As he lay on the ground, in imagination he was rapidly bleeding to death—the end of all things must surely come now, but death was slow in coming. Raising his head he looked down at his wounded leg, and realized that he would probably go through life as a cripple, a man with a limp even if the doctors saved his leg. The thought drove him frantic. Gone were his dreams of the day when he would be acclaimed the "Prince of floorwalkers." How could a limping man have a majestic and lordly carriage, such as became an aristocratic floorwalker?

The iron entered his soul, and he saw red. For the first time in his life the human passion, the desire to fight, to crush, to maim, the lust to kill entered his heart.

Forgotten was his wound, forgotten was everything except the thirst for revenge. Tearing off the white badge that had betrayed and failed to protect him, he grabbed a rifle and cartridge belt from a dead soldier and charged like a wounded timber wolf towards the clump of bushes from which had come the sniper's bullet.

Rushing blindly forward the chatter of a machine gun assailed his ears; the bullets whined and hummed as they sped harmlessly by. Forward he charged, heedless, unscathed and unafraid, bent only on wreaking vengeance on the miscreant who had shattered his dream of being the Prince of floor-

walkers. His "floorwalker patriotism" was aflame.

Crashing through the low brush he burst into the little "nest" where the camouflaged machine gun was operating. Onto the surprised gun crew he threw himself like a frenzied maniac running amuck.

Clubbing his rifle by the barrel (he had never fired a gun, and was even ignorant of its mechanism) he swung right and left on the enemy heads. Hand to hand, but outnumbered five to one, he fought; tearing, gouging, smashing, rending. To him they were not soldier enemies—simply vandals who had ruthlessly crippled him, shattering his life-long dream of future grandeur.

The dam, built up by years and years of genteel servility, had burst and carried everything before its onrushing flood of hatred and revenge. The reversion of the servile floorwalker to the primitive savage was complete.

He felt the sting as three bullets struck him, they irritated but failed to stop him. Like a wild man he fought, goaded on and on, by the vision of a floorwalker with a limp—cursing, shouting, yelling in his Berserker rage.

His fellow stretcher bearers found him lying across the now silent machine gun, bleeding and unconscious, but surrounded by five of the enemy dead.

He had unwittingly earned a citation for individual bravery. He was acclaimed a patriot ready to lay down his life as a glorious sacrifice for his country. It was a self evident fact, substantiated by the mute evidence of the enemy dead, and his own wounds. Only his "patriotism" was in evidence, his shattered dream of future grandeur was buried deep in his own heart.

Transferred from hospital to hospital, by easy stages he slowly neared the coast. Silent, taciturn and apathetic, he seemed to have lost all interest in life. He was a cripple—compelled to drag out the remainder of his life as an object of sympathy and pity, instead of an object of envy and admiration.

Wearily opening his eyes in the Base Hospital he looked up into a pair of laughing blue Irish eyes. He turned wearily over on the cot. It was only another dream—another mirage; those eyes didn't belong here among this muck of fighting and blood, they belonged in the graceful aisles of his beloved store, far away. Only a dream those laughing blue eyes, only a trick of this topsy-turvy, horrible, blood-soaked land.

He felt soft warm lips on his forehead. The blue Irish eyes were still there, the fiery red hair was surmounted by a welfare worker's cap. This couldn't be a dream. Presently the vision spoke, and he knew it was a reality and not imagination.

"You dear wonderful old hero," said Nora. "Why didn't you wait 'till I got here before tryin' to clean up the whole enemy army all by yourself?"

"Nora, Nora, Nora," he whispered wonderingly. "How did you get here? Why did you come into this awful, horrible war?"

"The Sisters helped me, but I couldn't come as a nurse without three years' training, so they got me a job as a Welfare Worker, an' I'm here to release the best, real hones' to God fightin' man, in this whole darned army. You wouldn't wait for me to get here but started off to win the war all by your lone self."

"Will you stay with me always, Nora—will you marry me when I get better? I'm only a wreck now but you knew me before—before this horrible thing happened."

"Sure! That's what I came overseas for—that's why I wanted to be a nurse. I knew you'd just force your way into the

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thick of the fight 'n get hurt an' need me to nurse you. Of course I'll marry you. Who wouldn't be proud to marry a big fightin' hero like you. Man, you oughta have been born an Irishman."

Shellshock had day by day been added to and pyramided upon, shellshock. The roar of exploding shells even far away, the machine guns' rattle, the sight of mangled shell-torn bodies, the reek, the stench, the battlefield's filth, had all added their quota to the old deadly, clammy fear that had gripped him even as the big troop ship pulled out from its dock in Hoboken. Yet Nora's presence and bright blue eyes had brought the sunlight of gladness into his life.

He was awarded a decoration for individual bravery under fire, despite the charge that he had deserted his post. Nice things were said and written about his heroic deed but try as he would he couldn't feel like a hero. His life was wrecked, his dream of honor and greatness was only a faded mirage of the desert, gone before he could reach it.

Holding tight to Nora's shoulder he looked first at the shining gold medal lying in the palm of his hand, and then at his footless leg.

"Nora, dear," he said hesitatingly. "I'm proud of the honor that little medal carries, —but it isn't much."

"Why, dearie, it's grand. It proves you one of the big heroes of the war. A brave man who fought single handed for his country against awful odds. It proves just what you are, a noble brave soldier—a true patriot," gasped Nora.

"Patriot"—yes, that's what they said . . . but I wasn't a patriot . . . I only got into that mix up because I was mad at the dirty coward who shot me in spite of

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my white brassard. Now I can never be an aristocratic floor walker again. I wasn't fighting for my country . . . I was only fighting because I'd lost my job, and the Boche had ruined my ambition."

"You are too modest, dear. The medal proves you were willin' to give your life for your country," said Nora.

"All the medals in the world wouldn't have made me do what I did. What do medals amount to compared with what I've lost; the highest honor any man can conceive . . . to be acclaimed the greatest floorwalker in all New York."

Such is the irony of war.

BORN THAT WAY

(Continued from page 7)

like whiplashes before he could start the fire. Uneasiness burdened him as he ate breakfast. By the time the pale sunlight was two hours old he could no longer remain idle.

He went out and cranked headquarters. When he took down the receiver there was not the usual hum along the wire. He cranked again, aware that the handle turned much too easily. The line was dead. Somewhere a wind-blown tree was over it, or snow had shorted back to the hangers. Savagely he closed the iron box and whirled to curse the storm.

Wade was caught in it. Something had happened. Instinct born of his years in the mountains told Taylor that; made him certain of tragedy up on the high peak. Now the snow had ceased to fall, but a gale was hurling flakes upward from the ground in a driving, smothering blanket.

On the cabin step, Taylor paused, frowning. Couldn't be. Out of the wind there seemed to have come an engine's roar. But that was crazy. Just a trick of sound. He stood listening. It did not come again. Even the young fool over yonder would not try to fly in this. An airship couldn't—he hesitated. A thought tugged in his mind.

That plane was sound-looking. It might stand this. That boy was a daredevil. If it would—if Kelley wanted to go up—

Taylor strode abruptly into his cabin and took down his heavy coat and gloves. "I wouldn't ask a man to do it," he vowed. "I wouldn't ask my worst enemy!" He plunged out into the smother of wind.

In two hours' hard riding he reached Olancho Meadow and found the plane pegged down with ropes at its wind-tips and tail, and chock blocks under the wheels. Young Kelley had made himself a lean-to in the shelter of pine and was hunched over a fire inside.

He looked up with a little of his enthusiasm gone from the blue eyes. "Did you say storm, Ranger?"

"Some blow, this is," Taylor admitted, entering and squatting on his heels.

"You said it!" the boy grinned. "This even gets me."

Taylor's hopes slumped at the confession. He had wanted to find Kelley ready for anything. Crazy idea. He was aware of the other's keen eyes surveying him intently.

"What's on your mind?" Kelley asked. "You didn't ride over here just to have a smoke?"

Taylor faced him casually, not desiring to play upon the youngster's reckless nature. "I thought maybe you were experimenting in this weather. It would make a good show."

"Then what?" Kelley crushed out his cigarette and with a gesture as casual as

Taylor's own, reached for his helmet.

"I thought maybe you'd be flying north of here."

"I get you," said Kelley. "Somebody's lost. All right, where?"

"You can't go up in this wind," Taylor declared.

"Can't I? Watch me! Who is it, Ranger?"

"Pardner of mine. Been silent since yesterday noon, climbing Whitney, and ought to have been back last night." Taylor sprang up, torn between two desperate urgings. "Look here, Kelley, I wouldn't ask any man to go up in this. I wouldn't go myself, even if I knew how!"

Young Kelley measured him out of his level blue eyes. "I guess you would," he granted. "Now let's don't waste time. Give me directions. North toward Mt. Whitney, then where?"

"West over Siberian Pass and then south to Big Whitney Meadow. He's some place in that part, because if he'd got out of there, he would have reached a telephone and called me."

"OK," said Kelley and went to his ship. Methodically he warmed up the motor. Then he had Taylor stand by to cut the peg ropes.

At the last moment Bill shouted into the cockpit, "I'm a dam' coward or I'd go, too!"

The boy shook his head. "No use. Couldn't do a thing. That much more weight." He raised a hand. Taylor cut the ropes, and like an eagle released from trap jaws, the plane shot outward. A short dash across the white floor of Olancho Meadow, and then it rose powerfully into the wind. Watching, Taylor had a sudden sense of the airship's fighting strength. He knew it would bring young Kelley back.

They came in half an hour; the ship winging down out of the gray sky. Kelley peering overside and waving one arm even before it had come to a full stop. Taylor ran to him, bending into the propeller's wind stream as it held the plane against the gale.

"Spotted him!" Kelley shouted. "Big basin before the Pass. No horse. He's lying there in open country." The boy paused. His eyes looked piercingly through the goggles. Then, "Want to go help him?"

Taylor stared back. Help? How?

Answering the unspoken question, Kelley yelled, "I think he moved when I went over. Maybe we can get there in time."

Time! That was the one thought charging through Taylor's brain. To reach Gus Wade with a horse would take hours. A horse might not even make it. Going afoot would be longer.

"I can drop you in the basin, Ranger," Kelley was shouting. "Look!" He leaned from his seat and Taylor saw the back-pack parachute. The boy was already unbuckling its straps. He held out the small brown bundle.

Bill Taylor had never heard the philosophic statement: we are any of us apt to be bigger than we guess. But something of the sort was manifesting itself within him as he stood there beside the plane. Scared? Sure. Born that way. His hands shook as he reached for the pack. Yet he reached for it; some force beyond himself made him. He buckled it over his shoulders and brought the harness under his arms. The metal clamps were cold, though not as cold as his fingers. They seemed lifeless. Still that force drove him.

He tried to keep from thinking what this all meant. The dread of going up was lost in the knowledge of what he was expected to do then. Jump! Already he was sick.

Between gritted teeth he cursed that weakness. "Coward! Yellow! Buck up!" Yet it would take more than words to change his fear. It was born in him. Mechanically he found the step on the plane's body and climbed into the front cockpit.

"I'll allow for the wind," Kelley said, talking close to his ear, "and carry you past the spot. You go over when I say so. Just pull that little ring on your chest. Simple. But for God's sake, pull it! Have your straps loosened before you hit ground or you'll be dragged." He paused.

Taylor turned to look at him. The boy was grinning beneath the round owl eyes.

"Not scared now, Ranger?"

"Scared stiff!" Taylor tried to frame the words, but his voice wouldn't function. He gripped the wicker seat as a new fear goaded his mind. What if he couldn't jump!

The motor burst into a sudden roar. The ship moved. Bill Taylor closed his eyes. But there was no sickening lift that he expected. He was aware only of a smoothing out of the plane's motion, a steady forward thrust, until, when he was about to attempt one look, the thing's bottom fell from under him. It caught with a thud, rose, carened sidewise, took up its forward battle again, yet the assurance he had begun to feel was gone.

He sat with his eyes upon the floor, staring with the desperation a man has before impending disaster. Details were strangely vivid; the cross-strut no bigger than a stick of kindling wood, the guy wires, the board where his feet pressed hard. Abruptly he released the pressure. Below those thin boards was nothing.

A sudden cutting-put of the motor startled him. Now there sounded only the rush of wind. Then he heard a human voice. He thought he'd gone crazy. A voice talking up there!

"All right," said Kelley briefly. "In about two minutes."

For the first time, Taylor looked around. A great white bowl lay under him; the Rocky Basin, above Siberian Pass. It took an instant for his eyes to focus, and then he saw the small dark spot, unmistakably a man. A surge of courage came. That was Gus Wade. He drove himself with the thought; Gus down there, freezing, hurt; no time to lose, no other way but jump.

The motor roared and cut out again. Kelley's head came close over his shoulder. "Hang overside. I'll nose down, then turn left. Let go when I turn. Remember the ring. All right?"

Taylor nodded vaguely. Nothing was real. He felt of the ring; stood up. Immediately his legs bent beneath him.

"Say!" Kelley snapped. "Move! Climb over! Now—now, oh, for God's sake!"

By sheer force Taylor dragged himself out of the seat and lifted one leg. He hooked it over the cockpit's rim. The plane dipped. He waited. It started to turn left. And then if he only had not looked down!

His body wilted, slumped. He clutched wildly at the little wind deflector—and missed it. Something had happened. The plane was not there. Nothing was there. He was alone. Then he saw it far below him, and almost instantly it was above him; the world too, had swiftly changed positions. But now it was in its right

place. With that a strange calmness cleared his head. He knew he was falling and yet was unafraid.

Just when he pulled the ring, he could not tell. All at once a great white mushroom blossomed out. There came a hard jerk on his shoulder straps and he swung several times in wide quarter circles. It was not unpleasant. And then the gentle settling sensation was actually good sport.

Not until he was close to the ground did he realize the speed with which the wind was carrying him horizontally. Jagged rock heads, upthrust through the snow, streaked past. He loosened the clamps and held them locked with the pressure of his fingers. The earth leaped up. A snow bank loomed close below and throwing out his arms, he let the harness slip away.

A drift eased the shock. He scrambled up to stand on a boulder top. Gus Wade was not far beyond.

Ethics of the woods and trail demand that campfire yarns be accepted as fact, regardless of how tall. But one told there at Summit Ranger Station never passed unchallenged. While Gus Wade lay on his bunk with a broken leg mending, and big Bill Taylor did double duty as patrolman and nurse, the story of that rescue was often repeated over the night blaze. On the point of how Bill packed his partner down the mountain, they agreed. On another they always split.

"Jumped nothing!" Taylor would explode. "So help me, it's the truth—that kid dumped me out!"

At which Gus would nod, roll another brown smoke and wink at whoever happened to be listening. "Aw, sure; modest, Bill is. But he can't help it. I reckon he was born that way, too."

FLEET MARINES RETURN TO QUANTICO

(Continued from page 5)

so included barbed wire in groups that would have made "No Man's Land" seem like the Mall in Central Park, the troops returned to their respective ships.

Quite unexpectedly, the Battalion Marines, after boarding the *Antares* completely exhausted but in excellent spirits, were almost immediately notified that for reasons unknown the Battalion Companies would be split into individual groups and transferred among the battle ships of the fleet. Thus, "C" Company boarded the crack Man-O-War of the Battle Force Fleet, the Flag Ship of Admiral David Foote Sellers, the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania*. After reaching torrid Gonaives Bay, Haiti, on the *Pennsylvania*, the usual routine drills and battle station maneuvers were scheduled as is the usual custom. One of the interesting phases of this program was the manner in which the scouting planes were catapulted from the ships of the Fleet, including the *Pennsylvania*.

Of course, all men of the Company at the present time are anticipating the famous dread of all seamen, and the nemesis of many an old tar, Cape Hatteras. However, the good rivets of the sturdy *Henderson* will undoubtedly weather it, as many a Chinese typhoon has teed-off the ancient scow with little if any ill effects.

The men of "C" Company eagerly await the modern facilities of the Barracks at Quantico, which, after managing in this sort of thing for eight months or so, will seem like a transfer from a bowery flop house to the Blue Room of the Waldorf.



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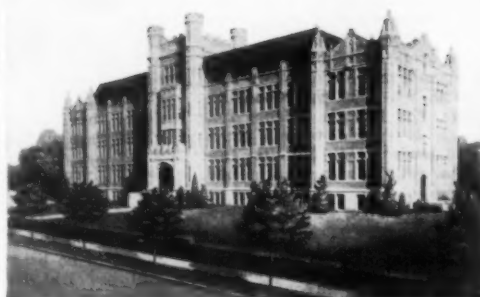
STABILITY



ABOVE, Main Instruction Building of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna.

AT LEFT, International Correspondence Schools Limited, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, England.

AT RIGHT, Administration Building of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna.



MODERN BUSINESS is becoming vitally interested in guiding the education of its employees. One evidence of this fact is the care with which business and industrial leaders today are investigating correspondence schools and other educational agencies before they recommend them to their men. They are following a wise course. It is important that the employer should be fully acquainted not only with the scope and quality of the instruction offered by a school, but with its physical equipment and financial standing — its ability to meet its obligations.

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To carry on this immense educational service an organization has been built up representing an invested capital of more than \$10,000,000. The buildings of the International Correspondence Schools in Scranton occupy two city blocks. Its force of executives, principals, instructors, clerks and other home office employees, number sixteen hundred. There are more than eight hundred field representatives in the United States alone. Including employees of affiliated companies in foreign lands, the total personnel of the I. C. S. is nearly three thousand.

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THE GAZETTE

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|-------------------------------------------|--------|
| Total Strength Marine Corps on April 30 | 16,144 |
| COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —April 30 | 1,168 |
| Separations during May | 6 |
| Appointments during May | 1,162 |
| | 20 |
| Total strength on May 31 | 1,182 |
| ENLISTED —Total strength April 30 | 14,976 |
| Separations during May | 399 |
| Joinings during May | 14,577 |
| | 388 |
| Total strength on May 31 | 14,965 |
| Total strength Marine Corps May 31 | 16,147 |



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Frederick A. Barker.
Lt. Col. Clarke H. Wells.
Maj. William W. Ashurst.
Capt. George W. McHenry.
1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

1st Lt. George R. E. Shell.
Senior grades by selection.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MAY 1, 1934.
Major Earl H. Jenkins, orders from Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Four, Battleships, Battle Force, USS, "West Virginia," modified to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps School.

1st Lt. Robert A. Olson, orders from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, modified to Asiatic Station via the USS, "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 17 May.

1st Lt. Leslie H. Wellman relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

MAY 3, 1934.
Captain Arthur C. Small relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

MarGnr. Kennard F. Bubier detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with Aircraft One, FMF.

The following named officers relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps, effective 15 May, and ordered to return to the stations indicated:

Capt. Samuel W. Freeny, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.; Captain Walter S. Gaspar, MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.; Captain Francis Kane, Depot of Supplies, NOB, Norfolk, Virginia; Captain Robert W. Winter, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 1st Lt. John H. Coffman, MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.; 1st Lt. Charles S. Finch, MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

MAY 4, 1934.
1st Lt. William A. Hamilton detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., on discharge from treatment at Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colo., ordered to his home and retired on 1 September.

1st Lt. David A. Stafford detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NSB, New London, Conn.

ChfMarGnr. Alvin Anderson detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., on discharge from NH, Parris Island, S. C., ordered to his home and retired on 1 September.

ChfQmCk. William A. Warrell detached MB, Quantico, Va., on discharge from St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., or-

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MAY 1, 1934.
Cpl. William F. Guy—USS, "Wyoming" to New York.

MAY 4, 1934.
Sgt. Frederick Hacher—Quantico to San Diego.

Sgt. Harold F. Smallwood—West Coast to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Olin H. Rives—Quantico to New York.

Cpl. Ralph A. Orcutt—Norfolk to Cavite.

Cpl. Jack C. Simpson—Quantico to Parris Island.

MAY 5, 1934.
1st Sgt. Boyd B. Kendig—Philadelphia to Quantico.

MAY 7, 1934.
Gy-Sgt. Robert F. McCoy—Quantico to Philadelphia.

Sgt. Herman D. Keller—Coco Solo to San Diego.

Cpl. John Herregodts—Newport to Coco Solo.

Cpl. John T. Martin—USS, "California" to New York.

MAY 9, 1934.
Sgt. Herman A. Dishman—Quantico to Norfolk.

Cpl. Hauley F. Barnes—Norfolk to USS, "Ranger."

MAY 10, 1934.
1st Sgt. Russell E. Nall—USS, "New Mexico" to New York.

1st Sgt. James Gifford—New York to USS, "New Mexico."

Stf-Sgt. Joseph J. Comerinsky—USS, "Wyoming" to New York.

Cpl. Stephen McClosky—USS, "Wyoming" to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Gordon R. Holmgren—USS, "Pensacola" to New York.

Cpl. Gennaro Ruggerio—Boston to Cavite.

Cpl. Howard M. Payne—Quantico to MB, Washington.

MAY 11, 1934.
Sgt. Virgil Jennings—MB, Washington to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Mathew H. Kolwyck—West Coast to Philadelphia.

Cpl. William V. Lynes—USS, "Pensacola" to New York.

MAY 12, 1934.
Sgt. Joseph M. Broderick—Indian Head to NYd, Washington.

MAY 14, 1934.
Sgt. George Raymond—USS, "California" to New York.

Cpl. Steven A. Custer—Philadelphia to Quantico.

Cpl. Laurie P. Mallard—Philadelphia to Parris Island.

Cpl. Joseph F. Peevy—Philadelphia to Norfolk.

Cpl. Stephen Hutsko—Charleston to NYd, Washington.

MAY 15, 1934.
Stf-Sgt. Merion Caruso—Guantanamo Bay to Quantico.

Cpl. John P. O'Brien—Pearl Harbor to Cavite.

Cpl. George H. DePinto—Haiti to Boston.

MAY 16, 1934.
Cpl. Thomas F. Thompson—Norfolk to Iona Island.

Cpl. Alonzo T. Carpenter—USS, "Mississippi" to New York.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

PORTER, Clarence M., 5-28-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

HULSEY, Herman E., 5-25-34, at Savannah for Norfolk for West Coast.

SMITH, William P., 5-18-34, at Oahu, T. H., for MB, Oahu, T. H.

PADGETT, Robert F., 5-29-34, at Washington for Hdqs., Washington.

EPSTEIN, Harry, 5-22-34, at Bremerton for Boston.

HUTSKO, Stephen, 5-26-34, at Charleston for Washington.

FOSTER, James N., 5-23-34, at San Francisco for Mare Island.

BURNS, Spencer, 5-26-34, at Hingham, Mass., for Hingham.

THOMPSON, Thomas F., 5-21-34, at Portsmouth, Va., for Iona Island.

WHITE, Stanley C., 5-22-34, at San Francisco for San Francisco.

BROWN, Lawrence E., 5-19-34, at Sunnyvale for Sunnyvale.

WILLOUGHBY, Clifton C., 5-19-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

DEMOND, Hayley M., 5-17-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

HAMIL, James N., 5-17-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

HANSON, Fred H., 5-17-34, at Bremerton for Puget Sound.

POPE, Mark A., 5-17-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

FITCH, Isaac C., 5-22-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

HOWE, Clinton Wm., 5-17-34, at Sunnyvale for Sunnyvale.

MCNULTY, Walter G., Jr., 5-21-34, at Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

MAY, Eugene J., 5-22-34, at New York for New York.

TRUEX, John P., 5-15-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

ELSWICK, Isom H., 5-20-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

FERAZZI, Alfio, 5-14-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

GINSBURG, Lester J., 5-20-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

KOLWYCK, Mathew H., Jr., 5-17-34, at Mare Island for Philadelphia.

CLOWER, Hugh C., 5-17-34, at New Orleans for Pensacola.

McNEAL, Jesse H., 5-17-34, at Macon for Pensacola.

ORR, Elzie R., 5-18-34, at Savannah for Parris Island.

STRANGE, Grayson J., 5-19-34, at Macon for Charleston.

BABB, Fenimore M., 5-13-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

GRIFFIN, Henry S., 4-29-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai.

AUBERLE, Outman K., 5-11-34, at San Francisco for San Francisco.

BYRD, Augustus, 5-7-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

DISHMAN, Herman A., 5-17-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

ELLIOTT, Ashton A., 5-10-34, at San Diego for San Diego.

RIGGS, Henry W., 5-5-34, at Bremerton for Bremerton.

STROUSE, Edgar Wm., 5-14-34, at Chicago for Quantico.

COLE, Gordon, 5-16-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

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U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 43)

MAY 17, 1934.
Cpl. Lawrence E. Gordon—USS. "Richmond" to New York.
MAY 19, 1934.
Cpl. Edgar A. Riggs—Portsmouth, N. H., to Hingham.
MAY 21, 1934.
PM-Sgt. Herman A. Zehngebot—Quantico to Headquarters.
1st Sgt. Lloyd Marshall—FMF to San Diego.
Sgt. Michale C. Knott—USS. "Indianapolis" to Quantico.
Cpl. Walter W. Augenstein—West Coast to Quantico.
Cpl. Clement F. Betko—Portsmouth, N. H., to Cavite.
MAY 22, 1934.
Stf-Sgt. Harold L. Price—AS Quantico to AS Haiti.
Sgt. John F. Fogerty—AS Quantico to AS Haiti.
Sgt. George Haynes—AS San Diego to AS Quantico.
Cpl. Wilbur W. Daniels—Haiti to Guantanamo Bay.
MAY 23, 1934.
Cpl. John T. Hood—USS. "Houston" to Parris Island.
MAY 24, 1934.
1st Sgt. Charles W. Chase—Quantico to New York.
1st Sgt. John C. Wright—New York to Quantico.
Stf-Sgt. Lawrence J. Fitzgerald—FMF to Quantico.
Cpl. Ernest E. Parker—USS. "New York" to New York.
MAY 25, 1934.
Gy-Sgt. William A. Kennedy—Parris Island to USS. "Portland."
Gy-Sgt. Allen J. Porter—orders from Quantico to USS. "Portland" revoked.
Cpl. Andrew C. Hinrichs—USS. "Indianapolis" to Dover.
MAY 26, 1934.
Sgt. Paul W. Payne—West Coast to New York.
MAY 28, 1934.
1st Sgt. Nicholas Reitmeyer—Quantico to New York.
Gy-Sgt. Lawrence R. Darner—Haiti to Quantico.
Gy-Sgt. Carl F. Cain—Shanghai to East Coast.
Cpl. Abe Marcovsky—New York to Cavite.
Cpl. Henry J. Joosten—Pearl Harbor to Parris Island.
MAY 29, 1934.
PM-Sgt. Lee B. Andrus—Headquarters to APM, San Francisco.
1st Sgt. Elmer R. Shambough—Newport to Quantico.
1st Sgt. Jack Salesky—Quantico to Newport.
1st Sgt. Mike Meloz—St. Julien's Creek to USS. "New Mexico."
Cpl. Jacob D. Hoskins—USS. "Chester" to NYd, Washington.
MAY 31, 1934.
Sgt. Maj. Charles Davis—Quantico to San Diego.
Cpl. Joseph A. Williams—Newport to New York.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 43)

HACKER, Frederick, 5-16-34, at Quantico for Quantico.
SOWDER, Ethel R., 5-11-34, at Chicago for Quantico.
ORCUTT, Ralph A., 5-13-34, at Norfolk for Quantico.
RAY, John, 5-13-34, at Charleston for Parris Island.
KRETILOW, Stanley A., 4-19-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai.
McCREE, James B., 5-12-34, at Norfolk for Norfolk.
O'REILLY, Maurice D., 5-12-34, at Quantico for Quantico.
SHELTON, Harvey M., 5-12-34, at Pensacola for Pensacola.
MYERS, Larex C., 5-8-34, at San Francisco for Sunnyvale.
JONES, Otis, 4-30-34, at Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.
LANGERHER, Charles, 5-10-34, at Baltimore for New York.

HAYES, William B., 5-9-34, at Macon for Parris Island.
DUMPROPE, Arthur E., 5-9-34, at Iona Island for Iona Island.
NION, Owen R., 5-9-34, at Quantico for Quantico.
POE, William C., 5-9-34, at Quantico for Quantico.
HEMINGWAY, William E., 5-7-34, at Charleston for Charleston.
BROWN, William A., 5-6-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
ARBINI, Carlo J., 5-1-34, at Los Angeles for San Diego.
POLLARD, Guy O., 5-1-34, at Portland for Bremerton.
SMITH, Charles McD., 5-3-34, at San Francisco for San Diego.
WHITE, Carl N., 5-1-34, at Los Angeles for San Diego.
GULICK, Gordon E., 5-6-34, at South Charleston for South Charleston.
HOLMES, Paul DuB., 5-3-34, at Mare Island for New York.
GEORGE, Robert L., Jr., 5-4-34, at Chicago for Quantico.
WERKHEISER, Melvin A., 5-4-34, at Chicago for Quantico.
HUMPHRIES, Boyce W., 5-4-34, at Savannah for Parris Island.
ALMQUIST, Albert H., 4-13-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai.
BRUNER, William, 4-2-34, at Peiping for Peiping.
DAHLSTEN, Magrur R., 4-2-34, at Peiping for Peiping.
LAWRENCE, John T., Jr., 4-28-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
SKINNER, Abe L., 4-23-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
NEWHOUSE, Gerald A., 4-23-34, at Coco Solo for Coco Solo.
DAVIS, Victor B., 5-2-34, at Philadelphia for Quantico.
GALVIN, Robertson H., 5-1-34, at Chicago for Quantico.
PEKOVITCH, John H., 5-1-34, at Chicago for Philadelphia.
LEE, Carroll L., 4-27-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
MARTIN, Ralph, 5-3-34, at Quantico, for Quantico.
BERUEFFY, Max, Jr., 5-1-34, at Philadelphia for San Diego.
LEISTEN, Fred M., Jr., 5-1-34, at Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.
WILKINSON, Claredon LaS., 5-1-34, at South Charleston for South Charleston.
BALAN, Yaneu, 5-1-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
JENNINGS, Thomas F., 5-1-34, at Quantico for Quantico.
MADDOX, Brice, 4-23-34, on USS. "Argonne" for Quantico.
SIMMONS, George H., 5-1-34, at Washington for Baltimore.
MAYO, George P., 4-28-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
SHAMBAUGH, Levi J., 4-29-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
ANDERSEN, Paul C., 4-26-34, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
CRAPSER, George A., 4-26-34, at Mare Island for Great Lakes.
MITCHELL, Alfred E., 4-26-34, at Mare Island for Great Lakes.
PRICE, Garlin J., 4-29-34, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
WRISTON, Lyman S., 4-7-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 43)

dered to his home and retired on 1 September.
Chf PayCk. Malcolm E. Richardson detached Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., on discharge from NH, Washington, D. C., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 August.
The following named officers relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to the stations indicated:
1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, MB, Parris Island, S. C.; 1st Lt. James E. Jones, MB, Parris Island, S. C.; 1st Lt. Roy W. Conkey, MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
MAY 8, 1934.
Captain Alton A. Gladden detached MB, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
Captain Elmer E. Hall detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report not later than 4 June.
Captain Eugene L. Mullaly on 10 May detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Glenn M. Britt on 10 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to VS Sqdn. 14-M, USS. "Saratoga."
1st Lt. John N. Hart on 5 June detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to VS Sqdn. 14-M, USS. "Saratoga."
1st Lt. Raymond E. Hopper on 1 June detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va., and authorized to delay one month and fifteen days en route.
1st Lt. Allen C. Koonce detached Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized to delay until 1 June.
1st Lt. Thomas J. McQuade on 1 June detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. Peter P. Schrader on 1 June detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. Grogan A. Williams on 21 May detached Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., authorized to delay enroute until 2 July.
2nd Lt. James M. Daly on 10 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to VS Sqdn. 15-M, USS. "Lexington."
2nd Lt. Clinton E. Fox detached Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 1 June.
2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Weir detached Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 1 June.
MAY 9, 1934.
Major Augustus R. Hale detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.
Captain Edward G. Hagen detached AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.
Captain Morton A. Richal detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.
Captain Emmett W. Skinner detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.
Captain Arthur C. Small detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
1st Lt. Leslie F. Narum detached MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
1st Lt. Otto B. Osmondson assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.
1st Lt. Monroe S. Swanson detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.
2nd Lt. Peter A. McDonald detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
PayCk. George R. Frank detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.
The following named officers assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China:
Captain Albert W. Paul, 1st Lt. John W. Lasko, 1st Lt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, 1st Lt. Sol E. Levensky.
MAY 10, 1934.
1st Col. Paul A. Capron detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report on 21 May.
1st Col. William D. Smith, on 20 June, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to report not later than 2 July.
Major Samuel M. Harrington on 14 June detached Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to report not later than 2 July.
Major Julian C. Smith on 12 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
Captain Lewis L. Glover detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.
Captain William K. Snyder detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
1st Lt. Clayton C. Jerome on completion of the course detached the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif., to Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif.
1st Lt. Christian F. Schilt on completion of the course detached the Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. Thomas B. White on completion of the course detached Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va.
MAY 11, 1934.
Major Keller E. Hickey detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report not later than 1 June.
Major Wilbur Thing detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to report not later than 16 May.
1st Lt. Marion L. Dawson, Jr., on reporting of his relief on or about 1 June, detached VS Sqdn. 14-M, USS. "Saratoga," to Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., authorized to delay reporting until 30 June.
1st Lt. John C. Munn on reporting of his relief on or about 1 June, detached VS Sqdn. 14-M, USS. "Saratoga," to Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay reporting until 30 June.

1st Lt. Robert A. Olson on arrival Asiatic Station assigned duty with Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. James Snedecker orders from 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, Parris Island, S. C., and authorized to delay one month en route. MAY 14, 1934.

Major Clarence E. Nutting detailed an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Captain Jesse L. Perkins on or about 22 May detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. St. Julien R. Marshall on completion of the course detached Harvard University Law School, Cambridge, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

ChfMarGnr. John J. Mahoney retired on 1 September. MAY 16, 1934.

Major David S. Barry, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Division Marine Officer, Battleship Division Four, Battleships, Battle Force, USS, "West Virginia," to report not later than 1 June.

Major Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., detached Garde d'Haiti, Haiti, to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Theodore H. Cartwright on June 1 detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS, "Arizona."

Captain Thomas F. Joyce detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Captain Harry Paul detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Frank D. Strong on or about 9 June detached MD, USS, "Arizona" to Dept. of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MR, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Kenneth B. Chapell on 15 June detached MD, USS, "New Mexico" to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. John S. Griebel on 17 June detached MD, USS, "J. Fred Talbot" to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June.

1st Lt. Miles S. Newton on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Richmond," to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Chester R. Allen on 20 June detached MD, USS, "Nevada" to Dept. of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Robert O. Bisson on or about 21 July detached MD, USS, "Oklahoma" to Dept. of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Alpha L. Bowser, Jr., on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Texas" to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. James H. Brewer on 15 June detached MD, USS, "California" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. George H. Cloud on 15 June detached MD, USS, "New York" to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Thomas J. Colley on 15 June detached MD, USS, "West Virginia" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. George Corson on 15 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS, "Saratoga," to report not later than 17 June.

2nd Lt. William K. Enright on or about 14 June detached MD, USS, "Pennsylvania" to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles H. Haves on 15 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS, "Lexington."

2nd Lt. Willard J. Huffman on 5 June detached MD, USS, "California" to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Julian G. Humiston on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Portland" to MD, USS, "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. David S. McDugal on 5 July detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS, "Arizona."

2nd Lt. Ellsworth N. Murray on 15 June detached MD, USS, "New Mexico" to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Guy M. Morrow on 10 July detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS, "Oklahoma."

2nd Lt. Robert R. Porter on 1 June detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MD, USS, "Tennessee."

2nd Lt. William K. Pottinzer on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Indianapolis" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Orin K. Presslev on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Lexington," to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Walker A. Reaves on 14 July detached MD, USS, "Arizona" to Dept. of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Colorado" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Frank M. Reinecke about 21 July detached MD, USS, "Oklahoma" to Dept. of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Paul J. Shovelst on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Mississippi" to MCB,

NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Marvin T. Starr on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Tennessee" to MD, USS, "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. Wright C. Taylor on 25 June detached MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, USS, "Louisville."

2nd Lt. Theodore C. Turnage, Jr., on 10 July detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Oklahoma."

2nd Lt. Ernest R. West detached MD, USS, "Nevada" to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report about 14 June.

2nd Lt. Keith R. Willard on or about 14 June detached MD, USS, "Pennsylvania" to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. George E. Williams about 25 June detached MD, USS, "Mississippi" to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Frederick B. Winfree detached MD, USS, "Maryland" to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 12 June. MAY 17, 1934.

Maj. Maurice S. Berry about 5 July detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.

Capt. John P. Adams about 20 June detached MD, USS, "Saratoga" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., authorized to delay one month en route.

Capt. Julian P. Brown on or about 28 May detached MB, NAD, Iona Island, New York, to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay en route until July 2.

Capt. Terrell J. Cerwford detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, NAD, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Thomas B. Gale on 21 May detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

Capt. Alton A. Gladden detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, Receiving

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Station, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Clifford O. Henry on 21 May detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., for duty in connection with fitting out the USS, "Ranger." When the USS, "Ranger" is placed in commission, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD of that ship.

Capt. Edward B. Moore detached Recruiting Dist. of Portland, Portland, Ore., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. William P. Richards on 11 June detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. David M. Shoup detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, NAS, Seattle, Wash.

2nd Lt. Claude I. Boles on 21 May detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS, "Agusta."

2nd Lt. Robert S. Brown on 21 May detached Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NOB, Portsmouth, Va., for duty in fitting out the USS, "Ranger." When the USS, "Ranger" is commissioned, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD of that ship.

2nd Lt. Thomas H. Hughes detached NA, Annapolis, Md., to MD, USS, "West Virginia," to report on 12 July. MAY 19, 1934.

Capt. Vernon M. Guymon on 1 July detached Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala. Authorized to delay reporting until 1 Sept.

1st Lt. Walter I. Jordan detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD, USS, "J. Fred Talbot." Authorized to delay reporting until 27 June.

2nd Lt. William P. Battell on 15 June detached MD, USS, "Saratoga" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Paul J. Shovelst, orders from MD, USS, "Mississippi" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. William A. Kengla on 15 June detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Nevada" to report at Bremerton, Wash., not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Gerald R. Wright on 15 June detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Nevada" to report at Bremerton, Wash., not later than 30 June.

2nd Lt. Marshall A. Tayler detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Pennsylvania," to report at New York, N. Y., not later than 14 June.

2nd Lt. Sidney S. Wade detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Pennsylvania," to report at New York, N. Y., not later than 14 June.

2nd Lt. James L. Beam on 15 June detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Portland."

2nd Lt. Wilbur J. McNenny on 14 June detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS, "Indianapolis," to report at New York, N. Y., prior to 18 June.

On 15 June the following named second lieutenants detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to Marine Detachments of the ships indicated, to report at New York, N. Y., not later than 17 June:

Nixon L. Ballard, USS, "California"; Ethridge C. Best, USS, "California"; Robert O. Bowen, USS, "Colorado"; Paul E. Wallace, USS, "Maryland"; James F. Climie, USS, "Mississippi"; Donald W. Fuller, USS, "Mississippi"; Frederick S. Bronson, USS, "New Mexico"; James M. Masters, Jr., USS, "New Mexico"; James Rockwell, USS, "New York"; Eustace R. Smoak, USS, "Texas." MAY 21, 1934.

Lt. Col. Andrew B. Drum about 6 June detached Recruiting Dist. of Savannah, Savannah, Ga., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Maj. Louis E. Fagan on 1 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting Dist. of Savannah, Savannah, Ga.

Capt. Harry W. Bacon detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to report not later than 26 May.

Capt. Donald R. Fox detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Asiatic Station via the USS, "Henderson" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 27 June.

Capt. Thomas B. Gale orders from MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., revoked.

Capt. Edward G. Huefe on 15 June detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va.

About 3 July the following named second lieutenants detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 5 July:

Reynolds H. Hayden, Frederic H. Ramsey, William M. Hudson, Douglas C. McDougal, Jr., Charles A. Miller, Edward L. Hutchinson. MAY 23, 1934.

Maj. James M. Bain on or about 1 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass. Authorized to delay reporting until 30 June.

Capt. James Ackerman on 15 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.

Capt. Charles T. Brooks on 30 June detached Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Authorized to delay reporting until 5 Sept.

Capt. Frank S. Flack on 18 May detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Capt. Samuel W. Freeny on return from temporary duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, RS, NYd, Phila., Pa.

Capt. Gordon Hall detached Marine Corps Recruiting Bureau, Phila., Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Edward B. Moore relieved from temporary duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps on 21 May.

Capt. Amor L. Sims on or about 15 June detached MB, RS, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Arthur W. Ellis on 15 June detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Miles S. Newton orders from MD, USS, "Richmond" to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MD, USS, "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to report not later than 30 June.

1st Lt. William W. Paca detached MB, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

ChfMarGnr. Otto Wiggs detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic Station via the USS, "Henderson" scheduled to sail

from NOB, Norfolk, Va., on or about 27 June.
MAY 25, 1934.

Maj. Karl I. Buse on 1 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. Authorized to delay ten days in reporting.

Capt. Richard H. Jeschke on 20 July detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Authorized to delay reporting until 5 Sept.

Capt. Thomas R. Shearer detached the Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Authorized to delay reporting until 28 Aug.

1st Lt. George F. Good on 1 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

1st Lt. Elmer H. Salzman on or about 4 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the School of the Line, NA, Annapolis, Md. Authorized to delay reporting until 2 July.

2nd Lt. William K. Pottinger orders from MD, USS, "Indianapolis" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

MAY 24, 1934.

Maj. Frederick R. Hoyt detached Recruiting Service of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay one month en route.

Capt. John W. Beckett on 1 June detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Capt. Maurice G. Holmes on 15 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Ralph W. Luce on 7 June detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Capt. Reuben B. Price detailed as an Assistant Paymaster, effective 1 July.

1st Lt. Will H. Lee on 1 June detached MB, NYD, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 2 July.

1st Lt. Joe N. Smith on 4 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the School of the Line, NA, Annapolis, Md. Authorized to delay reporting until 2 July.

1st Lt. James A. Stuart detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the School of the Line, NA, Annapolis, Md. Authorized to delay reporting until 3 July.

MAY 29, 1934.

Capt. Alton A. Gladden orders from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, RS, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., revoked.

Capt. Charles W. Henkle relieved from temporary duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and detached Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Clinton W. McLeod detached MD, RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego, California, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Kenneth W. Benner about 15 June detached MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 30 June.

1st Lt. Walter H. Troxell detached MD, RS, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June:

Capt. William T. Clement, MB, NAD, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. John B. Wilson, MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Cant. George Esau, Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Leslie H. Wellman, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

MAY 31, 1934.

Lt. Col. David M. Randall on completion of the course detached the Army War College, to MB, NYD, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Authorized to delay two months en route.
Maj. Harold C. Pierce detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Ford O. Rogers on 1 June detached Naval Aircraft Factory, NYD, Phila., Pa., to Aircraft One, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Clarence M. Ruffner detached MD, RS, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 30 June.

1st Lt. Robert O. Bare detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June.

1st Lt. Chester B. Graham on or after 1 July detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Authorized to delay reporting until 31 August.

1st Lt. Clayton C. Jerome orders from the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif., to Aircraft Two, NAS, San Diego, Calif., modified to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

2nd Lt. Edward C. Dyer on 1 June detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C.

GRADUATES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1934

U. S. Marine Corps:

BROOKS, Charles T., Captain, USMC, Infantry Advanced Course.

ENNIS, Thomas G., 2nd Lt., USMC, Infantry Basic Course.

PARMELEE, Perry O., 2nd Lt., USMC, Infantry Basic Course.

BERTOZ, Louis N., 1st Sgt., USMC, Course "A."

WOOD, Samuel H., 1st Sgt., USMC, Non-commissioned Officers' Course.

SANTMYRE, Wilson R., Sgt., USMC, Non-commissioned Officers' Course.

TAYLOR, Clarence L., Sgt., USMC, Non-commissioned Officers' Course.

DODGE, Allen H., Cpl., USMC, Infantry Basic Course.

U. S. Marine Corps Reserve:

KELLER, Harold M., Captain, 1st Bn., 24th Reserve Marines, Course "A."

KESSENICH, Mark F., Captain, 1st Bn., 19th Reserve Marines, Infantry Company Officers' Course "A."

ALTPETER, Peter, 1st Lt., 25th Reserve Marines, Course "A."

CHAMBERS, Justice M., 2nd Lt., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade, Infantry Basic Course.

McQUEEN, James M., Jr., 2nd Lt., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade, Infantry Basic Course.

MENKEN, Arthur V. B., 2nd Lt., Reserve Aviation Unit, Air Corps Basic Course.

ZIMMER, Harry J., 2nd Lt., 21st Reserve Marines, Field Artillery Basic Course.

HAMILTON, Arthur G., Sgt. Maj., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

PEAK, Raymond M., 1st Sgt., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade, Course "A."

DONDERO, Mark J., Sgt., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

CLAUSET, William L., Cpl., 22nd Reserve Marines, Course "A."

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Joe F. Edwards.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:

Willia B. McLain.

Everett C. Kalvin.

John H. Rice.

Lonnie H. Leonard.

Daniel H. Nelson.

Roy F. Brooks.

George J. Folz.

Oliver W. Ostmeier.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Glenn LeR. Kemp.

Alfred F. Dick.

Edwin E. Askew.

Talmadge S. Hamm.

Joseph W. Wheller.

Neil Shook.

William Greenwald.

Carl C. Crow.

Grant W. Hartwick.

Fred Sloniker.

Clifford G. Wulk.

Stephen McClosky.

Thomas W. McNeeley.

Eldridge C. Mobley.

Abraham Van R. Smith.

Alcestus L. Kerr.

Clarence D. Wright.

Peter H. Glanglobbe.

Norman V. McElfresh.

Raymon A. Clark.

Everett C. Kalvin.

Fred S. Honeycutt.

Bryan Griffith.

Forest E. Hurst.

Victor H. Barry.

Charles R. Christenot.

Charles M. O'Malley.

Russell M. Catron.

Leo W. Lair.

Lawrence J. Scott.

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:

Joseph E. Blanchard.

Claude W. Dean.

John C. Sloan.

John S. Snider.

Martin H. Devore.

Emory Schreiber.

Charles L. Disney.

Harold E. Hansen.

Raymond E. Kennedy.

Ford G. Brabon.

Oliver K. Olson.

Nathan N. Sadoff.

Donald J. Decker.

Jack Saum.

Jack Kelley.

Lewis W. Voss.

John E. Haskin.

Edwin J. Sinclair.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrive Guam 5 June, leave 6 June; arrive Manila 12 June, leave 12 July; arrive Guam 18 July, leave 19 July; arrive Honolulu 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive San Francisco 7 August, leave 17 August; arrive San Pedro 19 August, leave 20 August; arrive San Diego 21 August, leave 22 August; arrive Canal Zone 31 August, leave 3 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 6 Sept., leave 6 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 7 Sept., leave 7 Sept.; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 12 Sept.

CHAUMONT is scheduled to make two special trips to Port au Prince and return, departing N.O.B. Norfolk on 22 September and 13 October, and tentatively scheduled to depart N.O.B. Norfolk about 8 November for regular trip to the West Coast, and Asiatic Station.

HENDERSON—Leave N.O.B. Norfolk 4 June; arrive Guantanamo 9 June, leave 9 June; arrive Port au Prince 10 June, leave 13 June; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 18 June, leave 27 June; arrive Guantanamo 2 July, leave 2 July; arrive Port au Prince 3 July, leave 3 July; arrive Canal Zone 6 July, leave 10 July; arrive San Diego 21 July, leave 23 July; arrive San Pedro 24 July, leave 25 July; arrive San Francisco 27 July, leave 10 August; arrive Honolulu 18 August, leave 21 August; arrive Guam 4 Sept., leave 5 Sept.; arrive Manila 11 Sept., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Guam 19 Oct., leave 20 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 2 Nov., leave 5 Nov.; arrive San Francisco 13 Nov.

NITRO—Leave Norfolk 9 June; arrive Havana 13 June, leave 14 June; arrive Guantanamo 16 June, leave 16 June; arrive Port

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NAME _____

OLD ADDRESS _____

NEW ADDRESS _____

NT:

au Prince 18 June, leave 18 June; arrive Canal Zone 21 June, leave 23 June; arrive San Diego 3 July, leave 3 July; arrive Pearl Harbor 11 July, leave 23 July; arrive Puget Sound 2 August, leave 8 August; arrive Mare Island 11 August, leave 18 August; arrive San Pedro 20 August, leave 22 August; arrive San Diego 23 August, leave 25 August; arrive Canal Zone 4 Sept., leave 7 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 10 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 11 Sept., leave 11 Sept.; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 16 Sept.

RAMAPO—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force.

SIRIUS—Operating temporarily under Cominbatfor. Will report to Chief of Naval Operations on or about 9 July and execute following schedule:—

Leave Puget Sound Yd. 16 July; arrive Seattle 16 July, leave 24 July; arrive St. Paul-St. George-Dutch Harbor 30 July, leave 19 August; arrive Seattle 25 August, leave 31 August; arrive Puget Sound Yd. 31 August.

SALINAS—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force.

VEGA—Leave Philadelphia 18 July; arrive Boston 20 July, leave 28 July; arrive New York 29 July, leave 6 August; arrive Philadelphia 7 August, leave 17 August; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 18 August, leave 3 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 8 Sept., leave 8 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 9 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 13 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive San Diego 29 Sept., leave 2 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 3 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 8 Oct., leave 20 Oct.; arrive Puget Sound 23 Oct., leave 1 Nov.; arrive Mare Island 4 Nov.

DEATHS

SHISLER, Charles F., Quartermaster Clerk, retired, died May 16, of disease at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Edna I. Shisler, wife, 1711 West Passyunk Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enlisted Men

JOHNSON, Alfred R., Private First Class, died May 6, 1934, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, mother, 11 Sidney Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

KITTSLEY, Giles R., Corporal, died May 16, 1934, at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mr. Wallace C. Kittsley, father, R. F. D., Cowlesville, N. Y.

CORCORAN, Richard, Corporal, USMC, retired, died May 9, 1934, of disease at Tea Neck, N. J. Next of kin: Jeremiah J. Corcoran, brother, 1190 Lambert Road, West Englewood, N. J.

HANLEY, Patrick, First Sergeant, USMC, retired, died April 11, 1934, of disease at Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y. Next of kin: John Hanley, brother, New York City, N. Y.

GOLD, James C., Sergeant, Class IV, FMCR, inactive, died April 25, 1934, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Mildred Gold, wife, 834 Knickerbocker Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROMOTIONS

The following officers have recently been promoted to the grades indicated:

Col. Benjamin S. Berry.
Lt. Col. John Marston.
Lt. Col. Ross S. Kingsbury.
Lt. Col. Edwin N. McClellan.
Maj. William B. Crock.
Maj. Edwin B. McCaulley.
Maj. Graves B. Erskine.
Maj. Louis R. Jones.
Capt. George L. Hollett.
Capt. Herbert S. Keimling.
Capt. Gordon Hall.
Capt. William S. Fellers.
1st Lt. Frank H. Wirsig.
1st Lt. John S. Letcher.

Headquarters Bulletin

THE ASSISTANCE OF POST NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS' SCHOOLS BY THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

1. The following procedure will govern in the cases of those posts desiring to use in the Post Noncommissioned Officers' Schools the courses conducted by the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.:

(1) The Students are regularly enrolled with the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools.

(2) The necessary texts, maps, lesson assignments, etc., are then mailed the students via the Officer in Charge of the Post School, by the Correspondence Class. (The number of lesson assignments sent in advance is determined and regulated by the Officer in Charge of Post School, in accordance with the speed he desires the students to maintain.) The Officer in Charge of Post School is also forwarded one or more complete courses, including a set of solutions.

(3) The instructor at the Post School then delivers a short lecture as an introduction to the course or sub-course. This lecture may give a brief outline of the course; its application to the military profession, its importance, or possibly an historical incident. After the class has been acquainted with the subject, the instructor begins his conference. The assignment in the text is discussed, the instructor endeavoring to clear up doubtful points by giving the student every opportunity to ask questions. The subject matter of the text may be elucidated by material and incidents collected by the instructor. Each requirement or question is then read and the instructor attempts to show at this time the application of the principles involved. The members of the class are called upon to give their views and are again given every opportunity to ask questions pertinent to the subject under consideration. No solution is suggested, leaving that to the initiative of the student.

(4) Upon completion of the conference, and if sufficient time is available, a written exercise may be conducted whereupon all members of the class submit their individual solutions of the requirements, and turn them in to the officer in charge of the

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class, who forwards them to the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools, for review. If sufficient time is not available at the end of the conference the instructor sets a certain time for the completion of the solutions.

(5) When the corrected requirements with solutions are returned by the Correspondence Class, Marine Corps Schools, via the Officer in Charge, Post School, the solutions and comments should then be discussed at a future conference.

TARGET PRACTICE

USE OF M1906 AMMUNITION FOR AUTOMATIC RIFLES. Attention is invited to paragraph 4 of Marine Corps Order No. 4, dated 16 May, 1933, relative to precautions to be taken in the use of .30 caliber M1906 ammunition. As a further precaution it is suggested that each unfired cartridge ejected after malfunction of the automatic rifle be examined to determine whether or not the bullet remained in the bore.

FIRING FROM THE LEFT SHOULDER. In a recent report submitted to this Headquarters covering small arms firing two noncommissioned officers were excused from firing the Browning Automatic rifle for the reason that they could not fire from the right shoulder. Firing the Browning automatic rifle from the left shoulder is prohibited by the Basic Field Manual. In view of this fact all men should be trained to fire both the rifle and automatic rifle from the right shoulder.

INDEPENDENT SAN DIEGO TEAM MATCH FOR MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AIR STATION, SUNNYVALE, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.

The Major General Commandant has authorized the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Sunnyvale, California, to enter an independent team in the San Diego Trophy Match to be fired at the Marine Corps Base at San Diego, California, in 1934.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and Men attaining a score of 328 or better over the regular qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for Marksmanship Qualification Order No. 3:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Sgt. Frelan S. Hamrick | 329 |
| Sgt. Clarence J. Anderson | 327 |
| Sgt. John C. Blodgett | 326 |
| Cpl. Byrle C. Williby | 324 |
| Sgt. Harle C. Calvery | 321 |
| Gy-Sgt. William F. Pulver | 320 |
| Sgt. Robert Thompson, Jr. | 320 |
| Sgt. Vincent E. Boyle | 320 |
| Cpl. Charles F. Criswell | 320 |
| Cpl. Bernard J. Salmon | 320 |
| Pvt. Merle B. Johnson | 320 |
| Gy-Sgt. Richard S. Reed | 320 |
| Cpl. Ira D. Carney | 320 |
| Pfc. Hoyt M. Warwick | 320 |

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz (Pistol) 340

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 94 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for Marksmanship Qualification Order No. 3:

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Maj. James T. Moore | 96 |
| 1st Lt. Lawrence R. Kline | 96 |
| 1st Lt. Ervin R. Whitman | 96 |
| ChmGun. Jesse E. Stamper | 96 |
| Cpl. John A. Gebhart | 95 |
| 1st Sgt. William Paul | 94 |
| Cpl. Charles F. Criswell | 94 |
| Pfc. Howard Osteen | 94 |

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Gy-Sgt. Joseph R. Tietz | 97 |
| Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz | 97 |
| Pfc. Harvie C. Scheetz | 97 |
| Pvt. Thomas A. Stroepe | 97 |

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Second Lieutenant, 4th Marines: How should the score for the "Pistol Short Course" be computed for entry in the service record book?

Answer—In scoring the Short Pistol Course the total score is entered in the service record book.

Q. (b)—In Plate 75, Uniform Regulations, where do the tent pole, tent pins and guy rope belong?

Answer (b)—A new plate will shortly be issued which will answer your question.

Q.—First Lieutenant, Camp Wesley Harris: Can civilians, who are members of the National Rifle Association, and who have won two legs toward the rating of Distinguished Marksman in the National Individual Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, fire in the Marine Corps Division Rifle Competitions, on the same basis as an officer or Distinguished Marksman?

Answer—No.

Q.—Corporal, San Diego: An officer joins from Battle Ship Division Three, Battleforce U. S. Fleet. Should the roll also show duty as Division Marine Officer, Battleship Division Three?

Answer—No. Show only name of vessel.

Q. (b)—A deserter apprehended by civil authorities and released to the Marine Corps, orders from the MGC, to join him from Desertion, with request for data to be submitted for trial by GCM. When would his status change from AAHA to awaiting trial by General Court-Martial?

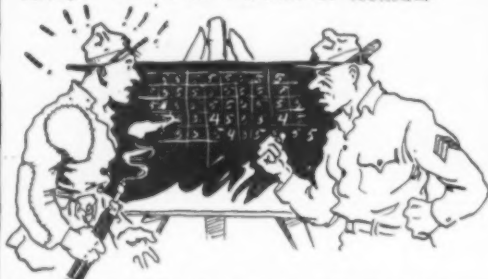
Answer (b)—His status will change as soon as information is received from HA as to what action was taken.

RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1934

| | Experts | Sharpshooters | Marksmen | Unqual. | Qual. |
|----------------|---------|---------------|----------|---------|-------|
| Cape Haitien | 12-13% | 18-20% | 41-46% | 19-21% | 79% |
| Hasco | 87-13% | 183-28% | 295-46% | 83-13% | 87% |
| Guantanamo Bay | 13-10% | 23-18% | 33-25% | 62-47% | 53% |
| Hongkew | 24-7% | 68-21% | 143-44% | 89-28% | 72% |
| Maquinaya | 14-23% | 22-35% | 21-34% | 5-8% | 92% |
| Mare Island | 16-11% | 45-30% | 59-39% | 30-20% | 80% |
| PARRIS ISLAND | | | | | |
| Post Orgs. | 41-38% | 27-25% | 30-28% | 10-9% | 91% |
| Recruits | 63-8% | 166-21% | 355-44% | 220-27% | 73% |
| SAN DIEGO | | | | | |
| Base Orgs. | 7-78% | 2-22% | 2-22% | | 100% |
| Recruits | 2-1% | 18-10% | 62-35% | 96-54% | 46% |
| Puoloo Point | 31-28% | 42-37% | 28-25% | 11-10% | 90% |
| Sumay, Guam | 9-27% | 5-15% | 11-32% | 9-26% | 74% |
| Other Ranges | 27-42% | 14-22% | 16-25% | 7-11% | 89% |
| MARINE CORPS | 346-13% | 631-23% | 1099-40% | 638-24% | 76% |

MARINE ODDITIES

HE SPENDIN' GOOD TIME TEACHIN' YOU HOW TO SHOOT, AND THEN YOU GO AN' GET OUTA THE BLACK THREE TIMES! - DOUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF

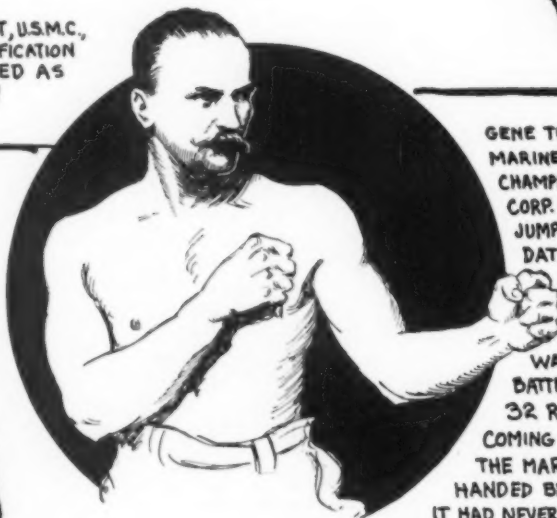


ON MAY 12, 1934, PFC. WM. D. LINFOOT, U.S.M.C., FIRING FOR RECORD OVER THE QUALIFICATION COURSE AT PEIPING, CHINA, QUALIFIED AS EXPERT WITH A SCORE OF 347! THE RECORD IS 348.

SAMUEL ROTHAFEL, BETTER KNOWN AS "ROXY", WAS A CORPORAL IN THE MARINE CORPS WAY BACK IN 1905. "ROXY" IS NOW A MAJOR IN THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE.



THE MILITARY HAND SALUTE WAS ADOPTED BY THE MARINE CORPS IN 1805. THE ORDER, SIGNED BY LT.-COLONEL COMMANDANT FRANKLIN WHARTON, DOES NOT MENTION WHAT MANNER OF SALUTATION WAS OBSERVED BEFORE THAT.



GENE TUNNEY IS NOT THE ONLY MARINE WHO HAS HELD A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP. ON AUG. 27, 1889, CORP. GEORGE LA BLANCHE, USMC JUMPED SHIP TO KEEP A FIGHT DATE WITH JACK DEMPSEY, ("THE NONPAREIL" DEMPSEY) MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD. LA BLANCHE WAS BEATEN TO RIBBONS AND BATTERED TO THE DECK FOR 32 ROUNDS, BUT KEPT ON COMING UP FOR MORE. SUDDENLY THE MARINE LET DRIVE A BACK-HANDED BLOW TO DEMPSEY'S JAW. IT HAD NEVER BEEN USED BEFORE AND HAS BEEN DECLARED FOUL EVER SINCE, BUT IT WON THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD FOR CORP. LA BLANCHE.

ticks 24

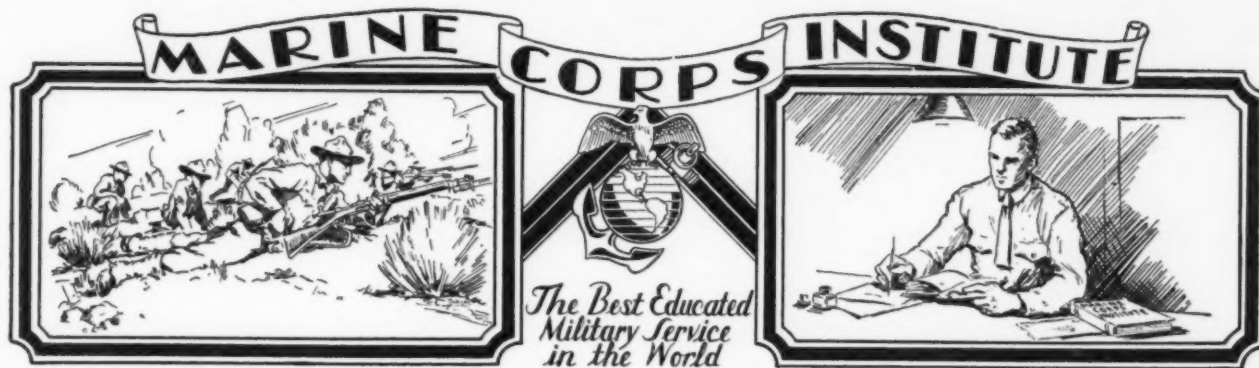


GREAT LAKES, ILL.



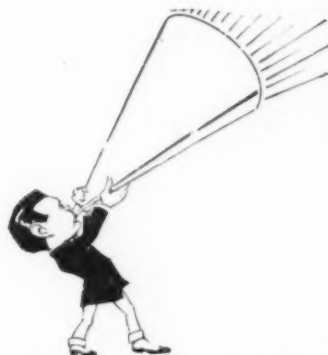
M. B. WASHINGTON D. C.

ON AUGUST 5, 1932, THE 24TH RESERVE MARINES, COMMANDED BY MAJOR FORDNEY, STAGED A REGIMENTAL PARADE AT GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS, EXECUTING THE COMMANDS ISSUED IN WASHINGTON, D.C. BY CAPTAIN L.L. GOVER, POST ADJUTANT, MARINE BARRACKS, WASH. D.C. THE U.S. MARINE BAND SUPPLIED THE MUSIC. CAPTAIN GOVER ISSUED HIS COMMANDS (TIMED BY STOP-WATCH) OVER MICROPHONES OF AN NBC NATIONAL HOOKUP. THEY WERE PICKED UP AT THE PARADE GROUND AND PUT THROUGH AMPLIFIERS.



IMPROVE YOUR ENGLISH!

IN YOUR SPARE TIME!



English is the first requisite of a good education. It is the standard by which you are judged by those with whom you come in contact.

Elements of English Composition
English Grammar
Good English
Capitalization and Punctuation
Composition and Rhetoric
Literature and Life (Four Books)

The courses listed above, except Good English, are offered to you in the Selected High School Subjects course. Good English is a separate course. Take the first step towards improving your English. Fill out the enrollment blank below and mail it TODAY! A complete explanation of the courses listed above may be obtained upon request.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

- ☐ Please send me INFORMATION regarding the course before which I have marked an X:
☐ Please enroll me in the course before which I have marked an X:

Academic and Business Training Courses

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Lieut. Prep. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English |
| (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic Secretarial |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountant Secretarial | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Motorbus Transportation |

Technical and Industrial Courses

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying & Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing & Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor & Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Maintenance | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |

Name _____

Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

Mailing Address _____

*State subjects desired in applying for this course.

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